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HO CHI MINH Drawn by VICKY

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The Lesson of Dien Bien Phu

"THE loss of some or all of Indo-China," said Mr. Dulles this week, "would not necessarily bring the loss of all S.E. Asia." The Secretary of State is, in other words, sounding the first official warning to his own people that Indo-China may have to be abandoned to Ho Chi Minh. Hitherto, French and American spokesmen have approached the problem of ending the war as if the French were in a position to demand the victor's terms. The reality is that, ever since 1948, they have suffered defeat after defeat at the hands of the Viet Minh guerillas. It was to meet this intolerable situation that General Navarre resolved on his ill-fated strategy of luring the Viet Minh to pitched battle at Dien Bien Phu. Once that challenge was accepted, and once General Giap had demonstrated that he could (with Chinese backing) commit to battle a larger and better-equipped force of all arms than could the French with their U.S. assistance (and could handle it with at least the expertise of his opposite number), the French defeat became complete. The battle of Dien Bien Phu establishes that the French must from now on avoid engagement with the enemy: in that sense, it may prove to have been decisive.

It follows, then, that if an agreement embodying an armistice is to be reached at Geneva, it will not be on M. Bidault's unrealistic terms. The Viet Minh have suffered enormous casualties and are probably anxious to stop the fighting on reasonable terms. But there is no reason why they should pay an exorbitant price to do so: they are the victors, and the longer the present struggle continues, the more complete their victory is likely to become. In effect, therefore, if the French want an armistice, they will probably have to start by accepting in principle the terms on which the Viet Minh are prepared to bargain; and it is noteworthy in this context that both Mr. Eden and M. Jacquet (who represents at Geneva the anti-Bidault wing of the French Cabinet) are reported to have found some signs of grace in the cease-fire proposals which have already been put forward by Pham Van Dong for the Viet Minh. The salient points of these are (i) unambiguous acceptance by France of independence for Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos; (ii) withdrawal of all foreign troops; (iii) mixed commissions to supervise the armistice and the concentration of combatants in agreed zones; and (iv) recognition of French economic and cultural interests.

M. Bidault's intransigent attitude is, in fact, rapidly becoming absurd, as well as suicidal. For what is the alternative to an armistice agreement? Massive and instantaneous retaliation by the U.S. against China? That dread act, which until recently had to be considered a possibility, is for the present clearly out of the question. The commitment of British and American ground troops to assist the French in continuing the war within the boundaries of Indo-China? We do not believe that any British Government could carry public opinion with it—or would try to—on such a course; nor can we conceive that, in an election year, President Eisenhower would contemplate sending U.S. soldiers to bolster up a failing enterprise from which even France herself withholds her conscripts. There remains then the possibility that the French will continue to struggle on without extended foreign aid. But, since Dien Bien Phu, this must be a counsel of despair. The French desire to hold, as a minimum, the ports of Haiphong and Saigon is intelligible and would be, from their point of view, sensible, if it were possible. But Dien Bien Phu suggests that, even with the advantage of sea communications, the continued occupation of Haiphong would be a huge and hazardous commitment, if an assault on the Delta were mounted.

The French in fact must choose between making what they can of the Viet Minh terms, or fighting on until they are obliged to settle for terms of total defeat. Thanks largely to Mr. Eden's skilful diplomacy (and to the determination of British public opinion not to connive at extending the war),

an atmosphere exists at Geneva in which negotiations may take place which could result in something less than total humiliation for the French. But even this hope is not without its perils. Indeed, the principal risks now may be those which arise out of a cease-fire agreement. It would be easy for Mr. Eden, in an attempt to placate the Americans and the French, to agree that Britain should join in a Western guarantee of an armistice agreement or the threat of Western military sanctions against the continued spread of Communist ideas in Asia. Such policies might prove to be a commitment for British foreign policy beside which the impractical guarantee of Poland in 1939 would seem easy of fulfilment. They could be worse than that. Unless such guarantees were to be underwritten by Asians themselves, including both India and China, they could drag Britain into a Pacific war, not only unnecessarily but on the wrong side.

Mr. Butler at Bonn

Mr. Butler's visit to Bonn, as a sequel to the discussions last week at the O.E.E.C. meeting about the future of the European Payments Union, has been acclaimed in many financial quarters as a triumph for the Chancellor, and as the beginning of an economic alliance between Great Britain and Western Germany. The first of these it certainly is not; and it is to be hoped that it is not the second, either. The position is that in E.P.U. Germany is a large creditor, with a growing surplus, whereas Great Britain is a large debtor, not because of current deficits, but by reason of old debts that have not been paid off. At O.E.E.C., Germany pressed for the right of creditors to receive an increased part of their surpluses in gold or dollars, and for the liquidation of old debts in the same form. Great Britain offered to make £30 million available in gold and dollars for liquidating part of its debt, and proposed a funding arrangement for paying off the rest over a period of years, but opposed higher gold or dollar payments to current creditors. The point, of course, is that such creditors, and especially Germany, can afford to import more from other E.P.U. countries, including the sterling area, and ought to do this in order to comply with E.P.U.'s purpose of liberalising trade. The Germans, on the other hand, wanted gold or dollars in order either to buy more outside the E.P.U. area or to build up their own reserves; and their surpluses are being swollen by export subsidies made by means of tax remissions—a practice contrary to O.E.E.C. and E.P.U. principles.

At Bonn, Mr. Butler apparently persuaded the Germans to withdraw their main demand, and to reconsider their subsidy policy. What he promised them in return is not clear; and until it is made clear we are unable to join in the congratulations that are being addressed to him. The Germans are known to be out for convertibility—which would, of course, mean the ending of E.P.U. But it would be most dangerous to re-establish convertibility, either of sterling alone or of E.P.U. currencies over a wider area, on the strength of the present relatively favourable dollar position of certain European currencies. This favourable position depends on high American military expenditure abroad—which may not continue—and on favourable terms of trade—which could be upset at any moment by a renewed American buying spree, or even by a substantial economic recovery in America. It is a good thing to renew E.P.U. for the time being in its present form; but the last thing to be wished for is an Anglo-German alliance to bring about convertibility and make this country more than ever dependent on the vagaries of the American economy.

Paying for Planning

Compensation is the crux of any legislation controlling the use of land. Before the war, the absence of any coherent or uniform system for compensation was one of the chief weaknesses of our very inadequate planning controls. In 1947, the Labour Government tried to make its Act effective by buying out all development rights, once and for all, and by imposing the "development charge," payable to the State, whenever land or property was improved. Mr. Macmillan abolished this charge, much disliked by property-owners, in 1952, and the Bills which he and his Scottish colleagues are at present steering through Parliament is the Conservative attempt to keep control of land use without taking over all betterment values. The great advantage of the Silkin Act was that it settled the compensation problem as far as national and local planning authorities were concerned: they would have been able to plan the use of land without worrying about the cost. Mr. Macmillan's Bills, however, once again put planning at the mercy of those who are economy-minded. His "pay-as-you go" method means that each planning scheme will have to negotiate a separate compensation settlement. Local authorities and the Ministry alike may find themselves under pressure to save money by permitting development that runs counter to proper land use. By spreading compensation over a number of years, moreover, while continuing to base it on the 1947 assessment, these Bills will lead to growing pressure for reassessment as land values continue to rise, and as more land acquires development value. Property-owners will not be slow to point out the discrepancy between the market-price and the value set on the land years before.

More Advice, Less Aid

By a triumph of bad timing and mismanagement, the Legal Aid and Advice Act, 1949, is steadily defeating one of its main purposes. Having consistently refused to bring the more valuable parts of the Act into operation, the Government has achieved three unhappy, though predictable, results. It has withheld the legal advice that so often, in ordinary solicitor-and-client business, keeps disputes out of court—and, indeed, regards litigation as almost a tragedy; the Court lists, accordingly, are crammed with aided cases that might well have been settled at a consultation. At the same time it has actually encouraged litigation by giving it financial aid on a scale never dreamed of before the Rushcliffe Report of 1945. And it has dried up a great deal of the voluntary contributions and unpaid "poor man's lawyer" work that maintained the legal advice centres before 1949. The Law Society, to which the country owes a great debt for the conception, birth and administration of this potentially sound scheme, has just published its Third Report to the Lord Chancellor on the working of the Act, together with the comments of the Legal Aid Advisory Committee by means of which the Government keeps its own eye on the scheme. Both the Report and the Comments are critical, though not always of the same things and not always in agreement; but they agree entirely on the urgency of giving aided legal *advice*. It is inconceivable that the Government can delay any longer; it must either bring Part II of the Act into operation or make substantial grants to legal advice centres to meet the emergency.

NEXT WEEK

MALAYA: Britain's Problem Colony

A Special Survey of the origins and developments of the Emergency.

PARIS

Behind Bidault's Back

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The opening of the third week of the Geneva Conference found Paris in a mood of profound pessimism and uncertainty. On Sunday, General Navarre made it quite clear at his press conference that France was no longer capable of independent military action in Indo-China, and that the choice was now between a cease-fire and "internationalisation" of the war. Parallel with this announcement came reports of increased Viet Minh pressure on the Delta. It is generally agreed that, despite the onset of the Monsoon, General Giap will be in a position to initiate large-scale operations in this area within the next fortnight. In Hanoi, the atmosphere is bordering on panic: during the last four weeks, the dollar black-market rate has risen by over 400 per cent., and many Vietnamese politicians and businessmen have already left the city. Recruitment and training of Vietnamese troops have been suspended in certain areas, due to wholesale desertions, and most of the politicians who are not irrevocably committed to the Bao Dai regime have already begun negotiations with the Viet Minh. Indeed, the "neutralist" attitude is rapidly spreading among Viet Nam circles in France: Nyugen Van Dinh, the Viet Nam Foreign Minister, who was in Paris a week ago forming his delegation, found great difficulty in choosing a "reliable" team.

At Geneva the pessimism in official French circles is, if possible, deeper. Great significance it attached to the appointment of Pham Van Dong as leader of the Viet Minh delegation. As one of the senior Communists in the Viet Minh Government and the principal theoritician of the Party, he is regarded as a much sterner opponent than M. Giam, the Foreign Minister, who has never actually been a Party member. All the available evidence seems to indicate that the Viet Minh and Chinese delegations will strike a hard bargain and that they are prepared to stay a long time to get it. Indeed, time is on their side. Nobody in Paris talks any more about the "Laniel Conditions." The Viet Minh terms, received here on Monday night, which are tantamount to their rejection, occasioned little surprise. They were, as *Combat* put it, "less dishonourable than they might have been."

Certainly, the attitude of the French delegation is several degrees more adamant than that of the Government—let alone the Assembly. But this—failing a spectacular American gesture—means little. M. Bidault, clinging on to office by his fingernails and shadowed by the taciturn and pipe-smoking M. Jacquet ("he never even took it out of his mouth when I met him at the airport," complained Bidault) has little choice but to follow instructions from Paris. And he has no illusions about the future. As he put it: "They are preparing a Kerensky Government behind my back to effect a *renversement d'alliances*."

M. Bidault's remark certainly caught the spirit in Paris, but it is difficult to see what such a Government will consist of, and who will play the part of Kerensky. By demanding another vote of confidence, M. Laniel is forcing the Opposition into a position where they either allow him to remain in office or risk a dissolution. Apart from the Communists and the Socialists, the two parties which are most anxious to overthrow the Government are the Gaullists and the Radicals: and these are precisely the parties which stand to lose most in a general election, while the M.R.P., which made substantial gains in the last two bye-elections (mostly from the Gaullists) could expect to gain about 40 seats. In addition, both Radicals and Socialists realise that it would be impossible to form a permanent Government to the Left of the M.R.P. without the support of the Communists; and this is an alternative which they are not prepared, for the moment, to face. They realise the C.P. is gaining ground, at their expense, in the country, and that if an election were fought on foreign policy issues which split the Right and Centre, and therefore upset the anti-Communist bias of the electoral system, the votes might tend to polarise around the Communists and the M.R.P.—the result they want most of all to avoid. And in any case, even a brief crisis would further weaken France's position at Geneva and in the Far East. Hence the Opposition's hesitations.

DUBLIN

Next Week's General Election

An Irish Correspondent writes: The Republic goes to the polls next Tuesday after a surprisingly tame campaign. The issues between the parties are vague: when they are clearly defined they relate to small matters of detail. Even Mr. Costello (who would almost certainly be Premier if Mr. de Valera were defeated) has tended to avoid wide policy statements. At Maynooth last week he spoke at length on the failure of the Government to press ahead with an anti-bovine T.B. scheme; Mr. de Valera, too, has been, in turn, narrowly specific and sweepingly intangible. All this underlines the lack of realism in political dividing lines in the Republic. The two major parties are, of course, the hardy children of the split over the Treaty in 1921: by ordinary standards they are almost equally conservative. Only with the retirement of their founders and the ascendancy of genuine Socialists in the Labour Party are they likely to fuse. It will not be long before the first condition occurs, because most of the men who were prominent during the "Troubles" are hard on seventy. The Labour Party may then benefit and political grouping take the shape it has done normally elsewhere. Meanwhile, the election campaign is proving that old appeals are losing their potency. Those who attend meetings (and attendances have been small) have been quick to remonstrate against platform essays in mutual recrimination. People listen carefully to the political leaders for reasoned recitals of their achievements and policies. They get plenty of the first.

Mr. Costello is in a position not unlike that of the Tories in Britain during the 1951 General Election. He cannot say how he is to clear up the mess made by his predecessors until he has had the opportunity of examining it in office. The nearest he has approached to an exact undertaking was when he announced at Cork that he would set up a Capital Investment Board to "superintend and stimulate the investments of the country, so that Irish resources do not lie undeveloped while Irish workers go abroad for jobs they cannot get at home. . . . A Central Savings Office will be established to step up the supply of savings, so that industry and agriculture may not languish through lack of capital."

The Labour Party will almost certainly emerge from this election with its biggest chance yet to influence Irish politics. If the portents are right, Mr. de Valera (who for the last three years was in any case relying on Independent Deputies to keep him in office) will lose seats, and Mr. Costello will gain seats, but not enough. Though Mr. de Valera has always insisted that he would not take part in a coalition, there are persistent rumours in Dublin that he may swallow his words and line up with Labour; in that event, it is unlikely that Labour will be satisfied with small morsels of policy promises.

ROME

Challenges from the Left

Our Rome Correspondent writes: Last week's mining disaster at Ribolla, one of the worst in Italian history, has sharpened the long dispute with the employers' Confindustria, of which the Montecatini Company, owners of the mine, are an important constituent. Ribolla has long been known as particularly subject to fire-damp, which produced the major explosions of 1935 and 1945, as well as minor incidents in 1951 and 1952. Last November and last February, union officials criticised the current methods of working and the ventilation of the galleries; and local miners believe that recent experiments were partly responsible for the disaster. A verdict on this must await the commission of inquiry.

Ribolla appears to be an instance where closer contact between the workers and the management would have proved salutary: but at a press conference, two days after the disaster, Dr. Costa, President of Confindustria, again scouted such notions of collaboration, and made even clearer the "paternalist" assumptions still held by Italian employers. The latter, continuing their two-year-old dispute over "Conglobamento," wish to avoid national pay rates in favour of regional rates differing according to local standards of living—ostensibly for fear of being undercut by firms outside Confindustria, and possibly diminishing its membership. They thus rely indirectly upon the surplus of unemployed and non-union labour. The Demochristian C.I.S.L. and the Social-Democratic U.I.L. seem willing to compromise on these lines; but the demands of the Communist-led C.G.I.L. have been rejected as "excessive" and "politically motivated," and the union is replying with a renewed wave of guerilla strikes.

Meanwhile, in counterbalance to recent manoeuvres by the Demochristian Right wing and the tightening of Prof. Gedda's hold on Catholic Action, signs of life have been shown by the non-Communist Left. In an interview three weeks ago, the Left-wing Demochristian leader, Signor Gronchi, spoke guardedly of E.D.C., questioned the wisdom of an anti-Communist "crusade," and repeated his hope that Signor Nenni might be won over by a resolute social policy. He is also rumoured to be contemplating collaboration with Nenni and with a Left-wing Social-Democrat, Signor Russo, in a new political review.

WESTMINSTER

Tu Quoque

The House is usually at its most lively and entertaining when it is indulging in self-analysis. Give it a bone of procedure to worry and everybody has a wonderful time. Bing goes bang. Sydney Silverman interjects breathlessly and dissects standing orders in one sentence containing anything up to ten parenthetic clauses, all beautifully dovetailed, usually emerging triumphant with his final predicate still linked to his original subject. It is enormous fun. The only exception to the general rule is the guillotine debate which, because it is now a regular Parliamentary performance, has degenerated into tedium. Right Honourables on both sides quote what t'other said when roles were reversed and then listen to quotations from their *alter egos* come winging from the past. Tuesday's debate on the guillotine on the Television Bill was therefore a carbon copy of previous debates. Two interesting points emerged, though Herbert Morrison, who was pleasantly discursive and conversational in tone, pointed out that in six years Labour had applied the guillotine only three times, and then only to obtain legislation for which a mandate existed. The Conservatives, however, have applied the guillotine six times in two and a half years, three times to implement measures for which they have no mandate.

The philosophy behind this significant difference was outlined, to the discomfiture of his colleagues, by Lord Hinchingbrooke. Not only is he an inexhaustible source of honest indiscretion, but he is in figure and style of dress perhaps the first of the modern Edwardians. His honourable friends think him to be as much of a menace as the younger Edwardians who create rumpus in the streets. It is all very simple, his Lordship explained. The narrower a Parliamentary majority, and from that obviously the more slender the basis of popular support in the country, the more is a government entitled to use undemocratic methods to force legislation into law. For the rest Labour made dark reference to Reichstag methods and to the Minister of Transport's fondness for General Franco. To which the Tories riposted brilliantly with reference to the Præsidium of the Supreme Soviet and to the alleged Communist salute given by Clement Attlee in Spain before the war.

The main matter of concern to Labour Members this week has been couched in the form of a question. "What about Herbert's attack on Nye?" Those who opposed the imposition of the ordinance which makes it an official offence against discipline to make personal attacks on colleagues, tend to laugh and say, rather unctuously, "We said it was nonsense all along." Members who back Morrison say that he has been provoked beyond endurance. He is, they say, like the man who said, "I have three grandsons, lovely boys. I have never had to raise my hand against them—except in self-defence." They deplore his timing, however. Bevan seems intent, they imply, on self destruction; so why divert him from his task? Other Members are fed up with the whole business. They genuinely accept the need for disciplinary restraint but argue that in a democratic organisation the rules must apply to the leadership as well as to the membership.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

The Danger to the Labour Party

MR. MORRISON'S personal attack on Mr. Bevan has its origins further back than Mr. Bevan's explosive departure from the Labour Front Bench. The quarrel is not, as many have suggested, primarily a clash of personalities, except in so far as the protagonists personify the two strands which, woven together, have made the Labour Party strong. Cynics may call them the bureaucratic and the demagogic elements in the Party. Without a machine, idealism remains flatulent; without idealism, the machine grinds to no purpose. It has always been the test of the Labour Party leadership to maintain, in the leading councils of the Party, both the organiser of elections and the spokesman of rank-and-file aspirations.

If there is real danger to the Party today, it is because the leadership has endeavoured to force on the Party a policy—particularly in the matter of German rearmament—which is repugnant, not only to Mr. Bevan, but to the great mass of the rank-and-file. The Right of the Party got its way on this, but the leaders paid a high price for their victory. Not only have the Co-operative Party and two of the great trade unions already come out against it, but much of the Labour rank-and-file has, once again, been alienated from the leadership.

The form of Mr. Morrison's outburst suggests that he has failed to understand the volume of exasperation which exists in the Labour Movement, not indeed against him personally, but against the policies with which he has identified himself. True, he avoided the extreme indiscretion of Mr. Gaitskell's Stalybridge speech (in which the Conference rebuff to the Right was explained by the allegation of Communist infiltration in the constituency parties); but the personal attack on Mr. Bevan, coupled with the dismissal of his followers as "suicide squads," suggests that Mr. Morrison is committed to what is essentially the same fallacy—that the constituency parties, which have, over a period, rejected him and his followers with such unmistakable decision, have in some way been duped by a clever gang of scheming conspirators.

The reality, we believe, is very different. The individual membership of the Labour Party follows Mr. Bevan, not because he is cleverer (or more conspiratorial) than Mr. Morrison, but because his purpose impresses itself as being the same as that of the rank-and-file, while Mr. Morrison and his lieutenants are very widely believed to have turned away from the Socialist idealism which they once expressed, and which still burns fiercely in the constituency parties.

Leaving aside his bitterness of language, Mr. Morrison still has two powerful arguments. First, he may say, Socialist idealism is all very well; but if a Party is to keep its promises, it must be guided in its policies by what is practicable: we, of the official leadership, can draw on our vast experience of office to advise you of the limits within which it is prudent and practicable for the Party to seek to operate in its next term of Government. Secondly (he could add), before you have a chance of implementing policy you must win an election; and elections are won, not by revolutionary slogans and intemperate language, but by sensible, down-to-earth wooing of the marginal—in other words, non-Socialist—voter.

Both these arguments have a measure of validity. Yet we believe that Mr. Morrison is mis-applying each of them. Of course a party must be guided by the practicable; but on most of the policy issues which have recently divided the Labour Party, there is no reason to suppose that the "bureaucrats" of the Right have been any more practical than the "demagogues" of the Left. There was, for instance, nothing impractical or rash about the suggestion of the Left that, since there is no solution of the problem of Germany unless there is agreement on the subject with the Soviet Union, every effort should be made to drive a bargain with the Kremlin while the issue of German rearmament was still open. It is practical common sense to postpone as long as possible the disaster of rearming a divided Germany. To divide the Party by an attempt to force this issue to a decision at a time when no such decision was called for from the Labour Party was neither hard-headed nor sensible. Again, the attitude of mind which has led the Right of the Party to oppose an agreement with the Revolutionary Council in Egypt, to support the imposition of Central African Federation, to allow our real interests to be submerged in the contradictions of American policy, is no more practical than that of those who take the opposite view. Nor is it more electorally attractive to the uncommitted progressive voter.

All this, the rank-and-file of the Party understands. What is the point, one hears asked again and again in the constituencies, of winning elections, if the result is a Government which is merely, like Liberal Governments in the past, an alternative to Toryism, bi-partisan in foreign affairs and only a little less reactionary in domestic. It is that judgment by the rank-and-file—a judgment which has been expressed with almost brutal clarity at each annual Conference since 1951—which indicates the nature of Mr. Morrison's second fallacy. Of course, a Party is helped by winning the floating vote; but not if the price of that marginal gain is the sacrifice of the faith and enthusiasm on which the Party depends for its existence. The floating vote will not float Left unless Labour has the courage and the momentum of its ideals. There is, in short, a graver danger than the loss at any particular election of the floating vote. It is that the Party, which is still regarded by its rank-and-file members as a Party of idealists, should be reduced to a machine-made uniformity and sterility of ideas.

On the merits of the argument, then, we believe that Mr. Morrison misjudges the situation. But there is a further and vital point. The attack on Mr. Bevan was delivered through the medium of a little-known Labour journal. But the steps which were taken to ensure that its polemics were blazoned across the front pages of every anti-Labour newspaper, and the coupling of the personal attack on Mr. Bevan with the differences of policy which have distinguished the Left of the Party generally, suggest that Mr. Morrison's aim was more than just the humiliation of Mr. Bevan. The article has been widely interpreted as an attempt, by the leadership, to declare war on the Left of the Party. Nothing could be more misguided. Labour has grown to its unparalleled strength as a political organisation because the umbrella of its doctrine has been wide enough to cover both wings. It has never been a Party of rigid doctrinal orthodoxy. Its catholicity has been its strength: both in practice and in electoral appeal the working coalition of the bureaucrats and the demagogues has been uniquely effective. It can be argued—in our view, correctly—that most of the troubles which have beset the Party since 1951 have come about because Mr. Attlee unwittingly allowed the balance of that coalition to be upset after the death of Cripps and Bevin. However that may be, there will be pretty general agreement that an attempt to drive the non-Communist Left out of its share of influence and leadership inside the Party would be catastrophic.

In the face of that danger, it is not sufficient only for Mr. Bevan's sympathisers to protest. We earnestly hope that the younger and wiser men of the Right, who must be expecting to come into their own inheritance before long, will indicate unmistakably that they, at least, accept the necessity of that internal coalition, without which the British Labour Party could quickly be reduced to the level of the French Socialists.

An African Slavery

II. THE SHADOW OF SAO THOMÉ

IF matters are bad in Angola itself, they are generally agreed to be worse on the old Portuguese slave-and-cocoa islands of Sao Thomé and Principe. The sinister reputation of Sao Thomé traverses the intervening seas and reaches far across the interior to the borders of the Belgian Congo. I caught wind of it, in scraps of hushed conversation, while still on the plateau to the east of Vila Luso.

Sao Thomé is Angola's familiar shadow, the shadow of slavery outright and unashamed. It was of Sao Thomé that Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Rufus Isaacs, representing opposing sides in the Cadbury *v. Standard* case of 1908, agreed that no issue lay between them on the count of admitting that slavery was practised in Angola and the two islands. "We agree with them," Mr. Isaacs (later Lord Reading) then said, "that the slavery is as much to be condemned as it could be. We do not suggest there is no slavery." To which Carson responded: "My learned friend . . . said in the course of his opening that the question of slavery in the islands of Sao Thomé and Principe was not in issue in this action. Gentlemen, it is not in issue in one sense—it is not in issue in the sense that it is denied—it is admitted."

For most of the latter part of the 19th Century forced workers were collected in Angola, under hideous conditions, and shipped off to the cocoa *roças* of Sao Thomé and Principe, seldom to return. Even after the exposures and the international campaign of half a century ago—which Sir John Harris was still conducting with admirable tenacity in 1913—the islands remained the scene of mass slavery. I believe that significant numbers of forced workers are still being sent from Portuguese mainland possessions, and possibly from the Cape Verde islands, to Sao Thomé and Principe; and that frequently they are pre-

vented from returning home after their two-year conscription period is over. But the numbers involved are certainly much smaller than they were. Few are being conscripted for the islands from up-country Angola; I could discover no cases in the traditional recruiting area to the east of Nova Lisboa.

Officially, it is denied that any are being sent to the islands. But two reliable people in Lobito—they had better be nameless—told me that they have lately seen contingents lined up outside the port, waiting to go aboard steamers which link the mainland with the islands. Senhor Monteiro, a gentle Portuguese who is general manager of the Cassequel sugar plantations at Catumbela, not far down the coast from Lobito, told me that "many are still being sent to Sao Thomé." He added, carefully: "But they come back." Senhor Escudero, general manager of the Benguela Railway, was of the same opinion: he thought there might be 10,000 workers on Sao Thomé. (In 1900 the official returns, quoted by Nevinson, gave 19,211 "contract workers" on the island, although unofficial estimates were much higher.

Sao Thomé's principal interest for the mainland today was revealed in a conversation I had with the head of the Department of Native Affairs for Angola, Senhor Francisco de Alcambar Pereira—who is, it should be added, a devout and loyal servant of Dr. Salazar. "We only send political prisoners there," he explained. "Not many either. Why, since I came here I've not been sending more than perhaps five a month." They were the "worst ones"—those with "strong" political opinions. "Otherwise we send people we don't like to isolated settlements on the coast south of Moçamedes"—mainly, in fact, to the half-desert villages on the Baia des Tigres, near the empty frontier of South-West Africa.

The best evidence that Sao Thomé is no longer the recipient of large supplies of forced labour from the mainland is provided by the revolt of February, 1953. News of this bloody event seems to have failed to reach the outside world, although a Portuguese officer killed at the time ("decapitated when he rushed into the jungle after heaving a few grenades," according to one account I have) was given a big funeral in Lisbon. Out here the revolt is still lively news, and wild rumours of thousands killed are rife.

I first had news of it when as far away in the interior as Silva Porto on the edge of the Hungry Country. Later accounts show fairly conclusively that an acute shortage of forced labour from the mainland had caused the Governor, one Gorgulho, to issue a decree announcing that all Sao Thomistas should register for "contract labour." Now the Sao Thomistas are by tradition a slave-raiding and slave-possessing people established here since the 16th Century: they have never done forced labour although their skins are seldom White. "The decree posted up on public buildings was torn down. Put up again, a similar result followed. Military action ensued . . ."

The same account describes conditions in the island a few days after the revolt. It is by a serious and experienced eye-witness who passed through Sao Thomé on his way to Europe, but I propose to withhold his name. "Since the curfew was imposed," he noted at the time, "no native dares to be out after nightfall. . . . All were agreed that there had been a very considerable loss of life and that a very large number of arrests had been made. One officer and one Angolan soldier were killed during the course of the repressive measures. The number of deaths among the natives is not known, but some persons placed the figure at 'about 200.' The number of arrests, likewise, is not known. One of the medical officers of the island ventured a guess that 'half the population' had been arrested. It is evident that practically every native goes about all the time in fear of being denounced and arrested."

"With regard to possible causes," wrote my informant, "the Whites seem to credit the story that the murder of all White officials and plantation owners (or their agents) was planned, with the subsequent proclamation of independence. The alleged master-mind, a plantation owner with a degree in agriculture from Lisbon, married to a White school-teacher (that is, the plantation owner in question is a Sao Thomista mulatto—B.D.), was arrested with his whole family, but instead of being sent to Lisbon for trial, is being kept in Principe. The fighting took place at or near Trinidade . . ." Later in 1953, Gorgulho was recalled to Lisbon, and a new Governor sent out to "make peace." No further attempt to enslave the mulatto population has seemingly been made.

What sort of "political prisoners," one may ask, are bundled off to Sao Thomé or the Baia des Tigres? Constitutionally a province of the mother-country, Angola sends two deputies to Lisbon: they are selected, of course, in the same way as all the rest of Dr. Salazar's parliament, and they are not representative in any real sense of the word. Some thousands of "civilised Africans"—known as *assimilados*—have a worthless right to vote; the rest have no rights of any kind—other than the famous and obligatory "right to work." Nonetheless, Angola belongs to a continent which nowadays is generally in ferment; and it is safe to say that intelligent Africans here are as alive as everybody else to what is happening in other parts of the continent. There is "growing recalcitrance of labour," as someone told me; there is also, simmering beneath the surface, a growing sense of outrage and a growing hope of forcing change, even though it should cost lives and liberty.

To all this, however—to the mass enslavement of Africans, the engrained approval of brutality and coercion, the wastefulness and misery—the Portuguese Government appears utterly indifferent. Not belonging to the United Nations, making no reports to the U.N. committee for non-self-governing territories, refusing steadfastly to honour any of the conventions on forced labour drawn up by the International Labour Office to which Portugal does belong, the government of Dr. Salazar presents a smiling face to the world and flourishes the whip in private.

It argues, indeed, that there is great racial tolerance in Angola; and yet that is not true either. There is tolerance of intermarriage by Portuguese men with African women; there is allowance for literate Africans to call themselves "civilised"—*assimilado;* but even *assimilados* are more and more debarred from the beginnings of equality. And the reason for growing discrimination is simple: Dr. Salazar's colonial policy is to export to Africa—or at any rate to Angola—thousands of Portuguese peasants who arrive with little more than they stand up in. The steady accumulation of a mass of cheap White labour in Angola now means—as it has always meant elsewhere—that there is competition for jobs. Inevitably, the Africans suffer: and, before anyone else, the *assimilados.* Economic discrimination rapidly becomes social discrimination. Restaurants and bars in Angola now carry the sign that is familiar from British territories of White settlement: *Right of Admission Reserved.* Senhor Monteiro, for example, has built a cinema for African employees on his sugar plantations, and another for European employees.

"And which do the *assimilados* go to?"

"They don't come in with us," says Senhor Monteiro: "I tell you, it's a problem . . ."

The traditional "liberality" of Portuguese native policy is in any case a lie when applied to the mass of the population. "If my wife," said a decent European resident of many years' standing, "likes to accuse one of our servants of being rude to her, and I take him up to the police station, they'll slash him mercilessly—hands, arms, face, everywhere. They kick 'em around without mercy." Flogging is everywhere admitted as common form. "If any native gets political ideas," the same European observed, "they'll beat them out of him right away." And they will send him, as Senhor Pereira explained, to Sao Thomé or the Baia des Tigres.

Perhaps I may conclude these footnotes to what Henry Nevinson and John Harris wrote fifty and forty years ago by a conversation I had with Senhor Monteiro, who, I must insist, is probably the best employer in all Angola. I asked him what happened when any of his forced workers, of whom he has about 2,500 at the moment, refused to work.

"Oh, but they will work. They do."

"Still, supposing they won't?"

"Then we send them to the police station."

"And what do the police do with them?"

"To men who won't work? Put them in prison, of course."

Yes: put them in prison, and flog them. Witness after witness told me this—some nonchalantly, taking the thing for obvious and natural, some with bitter loathing, some with painful memories. Such is the state of Angola in 1954. Even the great simmering slums of Africa can nowhere else show anything the like of this.

BASIL DAVIDSON

London Diary

A STRIKING article in the current issue of *Newsweek* describes the "ambivalent and contradictory" state of American opinion. It reports that the tide is running strongly against intervention in Indo-China, even though "there is fairly general agreement that the U.S., as a matter of self-interest, even of self-preservation, cannot afford to lose any more territory to the Communists." The director of the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations, who, *Newsweek* says, "reflected a trend in the Midwest," declared that "the people are certainly not buying the Administration policy. They fear our sabre-rattling bluff will be called. . . . The only result of announcing a line which we insist cannot be crossed will be that the Communists will cross it, and we will be committed to stopping them by force." I can understand why *Newsweek* goes on:

> Now that it becomes apparent that massive retaliation is not the answer to a problem like Indo-China, the first reaction of frustration has brought on a kind of neutralist numbness.

Neutralist? I am surprised to see an American magazine admitting that the present attitude in the U.S. at the moment is "in some ways akin to the neutralist school of thought in Europe—an attitude that Americans have found puzzling and aggravating up to now." Neutralist? The word here seems to mean the attitude of people who, from George Washington onwards, have believed that American policy was isolationist (except, of course, in Central and South America); who are then persuaded that their job was forcibly to set the world to rights (our own Kipling period); and who now suddenly discover that they have

bitten off much more than they can chew. America is not, in fact, "neutralist"; it has just not yet found a foreign policy.

* * *

Back from the Dinh-Dong struggle at Geneva, a friend complains of the difficulty of telling the Vietnamese from the Chinese. His experience doesn't surprise me. A Vietnamese who used to live in London, and who first introduced me to his country, told me that according to the Chinese Annals, the antiquity of the Vietnamese race can be traced almost as far back as that of the Chinese race, of which it was a southern branch, two or three centuries before Abraham. Ethnically, they were described as the Giao-Chi ("having the big toe separate from the others"), a race of mountaineers and climbers, whilst their tribal name was Viet. They spread over what the French called Tonking and Annam. They called the country Viet Nam (Nam means South). When the Chinese invaded the country in the seventh century they called it Annam, which means pacified South. When the last Chinese soldier was driven out and independence recovered two centuries later, the people changed the name to Nam Viet, and later, though I don't know why, to Viet Nam.

* * *

The Times reported an odd story last week from the Court of Appeal. Mr. Justice Finnemore had decided last January that school fees for a child of divorced parents placed by the Court in the custody of his mother were payable by the mother and not the father. When the school and the mother (a Catholic) both appealed against this, it was disclosed that the father (a non-Catholic) had wanted to send the boy to a non-Catholic school to prepare for Charterhouse, and made an application to Mr. Justice Wallington in July, 1948, for an order of Court that would have this effect To this the mother had agreed, by affidavit.

Mr. Justice Wallington refused, and the following snatch of dialogue in the Court of Appeal speaks for itself:

> Lord Justice Denning: Is it the case that both parents had agreed for Charterhouse?
> Mr. Elwes: Yes. The wife agreed and put on affidavit her agreement that the boy should go to Charterhouse.
> Lord Justice Singleton: And the Judge would not make the order to which both parents had agreed?
> Mr. Elwes: Yes.
> Lord Justice Denning: I have never heard of such a thing before.

Neither have I. The father in this case is convinced (to quote Lord Justice Denning again) that because of differences in religion between himself and his former wife he cannot obtain justice in the Courts. "This is something I would not have believed to be possible," said Lord Justice Denning, "unless the case had disclosed it." Mr. Justice Wallington does not even appear to have consulted the Court Welfare Officer, whose file of papers on the divorce case might have been invaluable and who has much experience of custody cases involving religious difference. As it is, the father is excused liability for fees to the school he disapproves of, but the boy has failed to get into Charterhouse and the real denial of liberty is beyond remedy.

* * *

I've often been told by primary school teachers that many modern children reach the age of eleven without "knowing the alphabet." They know the letters—they got to know them after they had learned to read, because they were then (and only then) allowed to consider them as separate symbols. But "alphabetical order" means nothing to them. They fumble with a dictionary like a heathen with a Bible, the telephone directory is a desert of print. This may be a part of the answer to a question that divides modern educationists into mutually derisive groups—namely, so long as you can teach a child to read early and well, does it matter what method you use? Two university lecturers who think it matters a great deal, Hunter Diack and J. C. Daniels, have devised a new teaching method that is going to get them trouble with the progressives. They disapprove of "whole word," "visual pattern," or "look-and-say" methods; they want to liberate teachers from the feeling that it is sinful to point out the letters comprising words and to relate their sound-equivalents to them. They think that "whole-word theory" makes it more painful and complicated for a child to pass from the pre-reading to the reading stage. The Daniels-Diack system is worked out in a series of books (the *Royal Road Readers*) being published by Chatto and Windus. I get the impression that, although education will always have its cranks, and two cranks do not necessarily work better than one, these two look capable of producing a revolution in teaching method.

* * *

I shall greatly miss Agatha Harrison, who died suddenly last week in Geneva. She was one of those people who looked over-solemn, and who seem, at first, too full of concern about everything, but who, when you know them well, turn out to be fun. She knew the East remarkably well, having spent three years reporting on industrial conditions and child labour in China, and having been frequently to India, either to the All-India Women's Conference, or on some peacemaking mission. For instance, in 1949-50 she remained after her Conference to help during an epidemic of cholera, and to try to improve relations between India and Pakistan. She was an intimate friend of Gandhi, with whom she had a steady correspondence up to the time of his death, as well as of Nehru, Rajagopalachari, and other Indian leaders. At first acquaintance she seemed a typical member of the "stage army of the good"—one of those who are for ever calling attention to the moral aspects of any world problem, and ready to undertake any task of peacemaking or to give advice to negotiators. But when you knew her better you discovered that she had the liveliest humour, enjoyed a leg-pull, and was quite without that false piety which is not uncommon amongst "do-gooders."

* * *

Old inhabitants of the village in which I live like to recall that they used to play skittles in the garden behind my cottage, which, not so many years ago, was a public house. I have always been puzzled by this, since skittles meant to me a very long, wooden-floored alley, along which balls were trundled to knock down ninepins. It was not until Tuesday night that the mystery was cleared up for me. I attended the heroic struggle for the A. P. Herbert Cup at the Black Lion at Hammersmith, which is one of the now comparatively few London pubs where the real game of skittles is still played. (It is many years since I read A. P. Herbert's *Water Gipsies*, which contains, I now recall, an account of this game.) It seems to bear much the same resemblance to the skittles I know that real tennis does to the kind of tennis that is played on lawns. Like all old games, it is full of strange technical terms, known only by the experts. The heavy wooden pancake which is lobbed full toss on to the ninepins, is called a "cheese." You throw so many "frames," and the different formations of pins left after a shot which has scattered several of them have their own special descriptive titles. The visitors (including Michael Redgrave and myself) were made to "have a go," by way of adding comic relief after the stern struggle that we had witnessed. The silver cup was presented by Lady Herbert amid much enthusiasm. There are certainly very few comparable pubs. The river flows close by, and there are shady trees to sit under and drink your beer, or (since this is a most sophisticated pub) your glass of red or white wine. On a night of delicious warmth, such as we have been having this week, it would be hard to find a more agreeable way of spending an evening, and impossible I should say, to find a more agreeable company.

* * *

I walked out of the Piccadilly sunshine, parked my brief-case in the cloakroom of Burlington House, and joined the crowd in the Academy Exhibition. Half an hour later, I came out limp, convinced that with ten years of hard work I could learn the craft as well as many of the exhibitors, but very uncertain whether it was worth the effort. I paid another two shillings to see the paintings of Augustus John; an hour later I came out exhilarated, knowing that I could never be an artist, if it meant painting like Augustus John, but that it was worth a lifetime (or what remained of it) to try and fail. At the cloakroom, a melancholy attendant with a knobbly face, which I knew I could never paint, surprised me by bringing someone's hat, coat and umbrella. "Those aren't mine," I said. "What would have happened if I had taken them?" "You'd have never got away with it," he said. "Why not?" I asked. "You'd be too honest," he said, fetching me the brief-case. To this inconsequent reply I gave no answer, being absorbed in the question just how Augustus John would have got the right effect of bumps and creases.

CRITIC

INQUEST ADJOURNED?

Prime Minister Joseph Laniel was tonight forced to call for a confidence vote to save his tottering Government. *News Chronicle*, May 11.

France, what of the night?—
  All's over at Dien Bien Phu,
  The rebels have broken through,
France is brought to her knees.
Honour the epic fight!
  Hope and pray for an armistice,
But no post mortems, please,
  In critical times like this!

Ministers under siege
  Veto public debate,
  Aid from Geneva wait—
Mighty allies will not allow
Bidault to lose prestige;
  While discussions take place,
Frenchmen must rally now
  To save the Government's face.

No one must rock the boat!
  Parties must stand as one!
  Dien Bien Phu was overrun,
But the Ship of State need not go down
If saved by a confidence vote!
  Call not for Ministers' blood
Nor the Laniel garrison doom to drown
  In torrents of Viet Nam mud!

Making a last ditch stand,
  Defending the Quai d'Orsay,
  The Premier for time must play
Lest France, resentful of one mischance,
Deprive him of his command.
  He sends a rallying call
Out of the night—"Can France
  Survive, if Laniel fall?"

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Presentation at court is the function to which the flower of our land looks forward as the supreme event of their lives.—*News Chronicle.* (H. C. Williams.)

The magistrate said he considered that a mural which showed a nude woman adjusting her stocking with another woman looking on was not a work of art.—*Liverpool Evening Express.* (Frank Shaw.)

British achievements have been wonderfully timed for Royal occasions. Everyone remembers the glorious news on Coronation morning: and now, on the eve of the Queen's return from her tour, Roger Bannister has conquered the Everest of athletics.—*Sunday Times.* (W. H. Hoult.)

I would lay down my life for Mario Lanza or be a chained slave to him, bound in irons. Whenever I see his films and hear his voice I go into a trance.—Letter in *Reveille.* (H. Murray.)

The Thames village of Datchet (Bucks) can have a public convenience provided it is built out of view of the Home Park, Windsor Castle.—*Daily Worker.* (D. McLaren.)

Viscount Montgomery ... said it was the first time he had ever spoken to girls. "I have no daughters," he explained. "I always feel that if I had a girl, I should have failed. A boy is easy. You can beat him. But you cannot beat a girl."—*News Chronicle.* (Mrs. MacDermott.)

Walking on Water

ACCORDING to the old-timers, if a European spends more than two-and-a-half years constantly in the desert, he gets "Saharan Madness." I wondered, therefore, whether the French scientist had outstayed his tolerance when he said "We are walking on water." We were, in fact, toiling ankle-deep through the burning sands of the Grand Erg, the Great Sand Sea. That was four years ago. Today there is positive proof that he was sane, for it is known that the Albienne Nappe, the vast fresh-water reservoir, extends under the area of those dunes through which we were trudging. There is no "Saharan Madness" in the statement of M. Georges Drouhin, Director, Service de L'Hydraulique, Algeria, "We can bring life to a howling desert."

The "fresh-water lake" under the Sahara was, more or less, a geological legend until a few years ago. The Albienne, or, to give it its proper title, The Intercalary Continental Aquifer, was known to outcrop in the Atlas mountains and in various other parts of the Northern Sahara, but its extent and its capacity was merely hopeful speculation. Now it is known to stretch over 500 miles South from the Atlas to the Tadmait Range and there are reasons for believing that it extends under Tunisia and under the deserts of the Fezzan in Libya. The layer is of enormous thickness, often 1,700 feet and sometimes 3,500 feet and, to quote Drouhin, is a magnificent water-bed of nodular sandstone. From the Atlas rains, it absorbs at least 1,000 million cubic metres of water a year. It also is replenished by the wadis, the spate rivers, which flow into the thirsty sands of the Sahara from the Moroccan mountains which, on a conservative estimate, must supply at least another 500 million gallons and there are other supplies of surface waters which filter into the layer. That is *annual income*, which could be drawn upon without lowering the massive reserves. It has been tapped at El Golea, at relatively shallow depths; at greater depths at M'Zab; and, when a well was sunk at Zelfana, West of Ghardaia, the layer was reached at 2,000 feet depth and yielded a "gusher" with 240 feet pressure at the surface. It lies under Oued R'Hir, the deepest part of the Sahara. At Guerrara, a dying oasis was saved by a sinking which produced a head of 300 feet pressure. Man-made oases are now appearing in the dead and desolate valleys. Farm colonies, as at Zelfana, are being established in the thirstlands of the Sahara.

The Albienne provides the springs of many natural oases, but the present extraction rate amounts to no more than 2 cubic metres per second and the layer, conservatively, could yield at least 50 cubic metres per second. As that scientist, at whom I looked so queerly in the shimmering, sand-sighing heat of the Grand Erg, said: "If water were considered as valuable as oil—and in the Sahara it is—there would be no problem in reclaiming the desert." That is true, also, to the East, in Egypt. The equivalent of the Albienne Nappe is the Nubian sandstone layer, which stretches northwards from the Ennedi hills in French Equatorial Africa. Its northernmost manifestation is the Qattara Depression, that pit half the size of Wales which the Germans said was worth 20 divisions to Montgomery because it protected his flank at El Alamein. There the wind has scoured out this depression and the haze which overhangs it is the seepage from the Nubian Layer which, before it reaches Qattara has supplied the great oases, like Siwa, Kharga and Dakhla and it stretches *under* the Nile.

In addition, however, there is an underground tributary of the Nile. It supplies the Nile, from below. Its storage capacity is more than all the water the Nile brings down in six years. It stretches for 600 miles and it is 7 miles wide. It flows—but at a rate which takes 100 years for water to travel from the source to the delta, and it discharges into the sea. There is a plan to create an underground dam to block this escape to the sea by digging a trench 300 feet deep and filling it with clay and bitumen.

All this is probably news even to the world's hydrological experts, but detailed accounts not only of these North African underground sources, but of desert reservoirs in other continents have now been assembled under Unesco's arid zone programme and published in *Arid Zone Hydrology* and *Proceedings of the Ankara Symposium on Arid Zone Hydrology* (Unesco publications, available through H.M. Stationery Office). But we are also learning a great deal more about other supplies of moisture in the arid deserts. I listened with only half an ear to the Yugoslav scientist who, in the Western Sahara, tried to convince me that the great dunes themselves contained a water-supply, that they were dew-traps. He argued that, during the night, atmospheric dew condensed on the cold surface of the dunes (and produced the hoar-frost phenomenon of *La Dune Blanche*); that a proportion of it was absorbed into the sponge of the dune before the sun's rays evaporated the surface dew; and that this moisture provided the sustenance for the long-rooted thorns and desert insects whose survival in a rainless region seemed so inexplicable. He maintained that a *foggara*, a horizontal well which stretched for 3½ miles under the dunes, was, in fact, a drain for this dew.

That half-grasped argument took on a sharpened meaning when, 2,000 miles away in the Negev of Israel, I saw the dew mounds of Subetta. This is a substantial city, still only partly excavated. Around it is an array of cisterns and terraces by which the Byzantines and others before them conserved water. Even more remarkable is the landscape covered with "pimples" arranged in geometrical lines. These are piles of pebbles and in them have been found remains of vines, figs and other plants. They were, it is thought, Nabatean in origin. They were clogged with desert sand, but once they had been loose pebbles. The dew had condensed on the cold surface and had percolated through the loose pebbles into the ground. The mound had acted as a parasol against the heat of the sun and had preserved a sump of wet soil to supply the plants with a self-contained system.

This excited me on the subject of dew and presently I sought out Dr. S. Duvdevani, the Israeli dew expert who has had the sense to read the Old Testament as a scientific reference-book. He quotes the insistence there on the importance of dew and will remind you that in *Judges* VI, Gideon used a fleece as a dew-gauge. Duvdevani has evolved more precise metering for dew, and his measurements have given most interesting results. For example, even in the period of the *khamseen*, that dry, blistering wind, there is dew condensation at a metre from the ground. The Nabateans must have known that 3,000 years ago; for the pebble mounds are a metre high. But he made other discoveries. For instance, there is a "dew horizon" in the soil itself. The morning dew penetrates to a certain depth, where it meets moisture evaporating from the soil and so there is a moist strip which is fairly constant and, if you can plant down to that depth, the plants will absorb moisture. When I later discussed this with an Egyptian expert, he became excited. It helped to explain, he said, the desert water-melons.

Professor Went, of the Californian Institute of Technology, met Duvdevani in Israel and, impressed by another feature of his work, took him to America for eighteen months. There, in Went's extraordinary laboratory where the climate of any district can be reproduced experimentally, Duvdevani began precision tests on something which he had been studying, under field conditions, in Israel. The results have recently been revealed. They show a reversal of a process which we ordinarily accept—that a plant takes up moisture through its roots and transpires it, or, when there is an excess, exudes it in tiny globules from its leaves. What the Went-Duvdevani experiments have shown is that certain plants absorb dew, often in excess, through their leaves and exude the surplus through the roots. This exudation is quite substantial. Cucumbers, tomatoes and barley have this aptitude for dew absorption and excretion. A practical outcome of these experiments may well be an important extension of desert-cultivation. By selecting, or breeding, crop-plants which are dew-gluttons and planting alongside them plants which have not the same capacity, the secondaries may derive their moisture from the secreted surplus.

Dr. Charles Kellogg, Director of the U.S. Soil Conservation Service, has estimated that there are 200,000,000 acres of accessible deserts, with soil which would repay immediate economic irrigation. That is quite a lot of arable land in a world trying to feed its multiplying millions. That estimate is based on existing methods and existing experience. But there are 18½ million square miles of desert, which we have hitherto ignored and to which we can and should apply human ingenuity—like Duvdevani's researches into dew.

To the enduring credit of Unesco, it has started this work, bringing together experts and information from every continent so that experience can be pooled and novel ideas instilled. Now that Soviet Russia has joined Unesco, perhaps a whole new area of experience can be brought into the common effort. For there is no doubt that Russia has much to teach in this hopeful enterprise of desert development.

RITCHIE CALDER

The Plight of the Pensioners

JOE TINKER, former miner, present pensioner, was for years M.P. for Leigh and, as one of his colleagues on the committee of the Old Age Pensioners Association in St. Helens put it, "a great fighter for the old folk." Since his retirement he has become a keen walker: out in all weathers, stopping here for a chat, there for a call on a sick member of the Association, he is in a literal sense a walking delegate for the aged. Like Mr. and Mrs. Riding, two other stalwarts on the committee, he serves as an unofficial auxiliary for the Welfare State, always ready to help someone fill in a claim form for National Assistance or to tell an old lady living alone how to secure a Home Help from the Town Hall.

It was Mr. Tinker who took me to the Parochial Hall, where the O.A.P. committee was holding its monthly meeting. As I talked to these cheerful and determined old people and as they told me of hard cases that they knew among their members, I realised how cynically foolish it is to talk of a "pensioners' lobby." It is true that one elector in three is either of retiring age or within ten years of it, and that both parties may feel tempted to bid for such a pool of votes. It is also true that both parties are worried about the size of the pension bill ten and twenty years from now, and are anxious to encourage people to work longer. But the case for higher pensions is simple: some hundreds of thousands of the aged are in poverty.

There are, today, about six million men and women in Britain who are over retiring age. Some four millions are receiving State pensions, and of these, one million have had to turn to Assistance to make ends meet. In St. Helens, the percentage is about the national average—3,500 on Assistance out of approximately 12,000 pensioners. I could not discover, of course, how many of these were living alone, how many were married couples or were living with relatives. But it is a reasonable assumption that about half live as part of a younger household. Such people are, on the whole, much better off than those who live by themselves and have to carry all such domestic overheads as rent, fuel, light and household expenses. Those who are in the worst position are very old or chronically sick pensioners who are entirely on their own—the poorest citizens of the Welfare State, as every social worker tells you. Their poverty, for the most part, is hidden. Though, as a group, the pensioners have replaced the unemployed at the bottom of our social scale, their plight is less concentrated, easier to overlook.

How do pensioners manage? I visited some who had no resources other than their retirement pension and a supplement from the N.A.B. Mr. and Mrs. M. live in a four-roomed house near to the town gasworks. Both of them are over seventy; they have neither savings nor children on whom they can fall back for help. Mr. M., who had been a miner, told me that he had been out of work for a total of seven years between the wars. He pointed to the neat, and relatively new furniture in the parlour and said: "We wouldn't even have a decent home if I hadn't had a steady job during the war. I'd be working yet, only my heart won't stand up to it." This couple have an income of £3 16*s.* 6*d.*: their pension is £2 14*s.* 0*d.* and the N.A.B. gives them an additional £1 2*s.* 6*d.* Here is a simplified version of their budget for a week in February.

	s.	*d.*
Rent	12	6
Coal and Light	7	6
Insurance	1	6
Newspapers	1	3
Sweets and Tobacco	3	6
Clothing Club	5	0
Other clothes / Shoe repairs (*estimate*)	2	6
Household sundries	6	3
Football and Cinema	3	0
	43	0

This left them 33*s.* 6*d.* a week for all food, for any extras, such as saving for Christmas, or a special outing, or "capital" items for the house—sheets, blankets, pots and pans. Neither of them complained that they did not get enough to eat, but when Mrs. M. said rather wistfully "We don't need teaching how to manage," her husband chimed in to say: "Once you've been on the dole you're used to going without." In fact, these two old people were spending less on food than would buy them the "minimum" diet which Mr. Seebohm Rowntree estimates provides the B.M.A. level of adequate nutrition. They were spending less, moreover, than the average of 17*s.* per head which, according to the National Food Survey, old age pensioners spent three years ago, in 1951, before food prices increased by over a third.

Mrs. J., who is seventy-six, lives alone; she is infirm and needs a Home Help for six hours a week to keep her house clean and to do her washing. Most of her shopping is done for her by neighbours. Her income is 50*s.* a week. Her only "luxuries" are sweets, on which she spends half a crown, and a wireless, on which she is still paying instalments of 3*s.* a week. Even so, after paying for essentials, she only has about 18*s.* a week for her food and for any extras. Recently she needed a new blanket. As she could not afford to buy it, she was given one by a voluntary organisation. She told me that she buys no butter or cooking fat, but gets a lump of suet from the butcher. For breakfast she has a cup of tea, and stays in bed until mid-day. Her lunch most days is an orange, bread and jam, and biscuits. "If I'm rich," she told me, "I have a fried egg and chips." A neighbour's boy usually fetches fish and chips for her tea; this alone costs her 5*s.* a week, and she gives the boy another sixpence. About twice a month a friend comes on Sundays and cooks a small roast or a stew. This old lady was proud; her home was small and neat; she was living in poverty.

Another couple's budget showed me how even the smallest concessions to pleasure or comfort may be achieved at the expense of their diet. Mr. and Mrs. P. were bombed out of their home in Liverpool, and they have since been living in two rooms, for which they pay 10*s.* 6*d.* a week. Their income is four pounds—in addition to the retirement pension—Mr. P. gets 26*s.* from the firm for which he worked for forty years. He spends 2*s.* 6*d.* on beer, 1*s.* 6*d.* on the Pools, 2*s.* on newspapers and 5*s.* on tobacco; he and his wife go to the cinema once a week and, any Saturday that the St. Helens Saints are playing at home, Mr. P. goes to watch them. These "luxuries"—and one must be a Gradgrind to think them such—amount to 16*s.* a week, or less than the cost of a packet of the cheapest cigarettes every day. Rent, clothing and household expenses come to another 35*s.*; incidentals, such as insurance and two or three shillings "put in the pot" for presents to grandchildren or, as they managed last year with a bit of help from their son, for a week in the Isle of Man, account for, say, 5*s.* more. They have, therefore, rather less than 30*s.* a week for all their food, and this is just not enough, even for old and frugal people, to keep them adequately fed.

I have selected these three cases because they seemed to be characteristic. I found some pensioners—extreme age or chronic sickness being the cause—whose condition was far worse, just as in random calls I found others who were better off; they had money put by, or had very low rents, or were being helped a bit by their children. In only two cases did pensioners who lived with their children seem to be in poverty, and both of these families were large, with low incomes, and were living in semi-slum conditions. My calls, however, convinced me of one thing. When Mr. Melling, Secretary of the National Federation of Old Age Pensioners, told me that many pensioners were spending two shillings a day or less on food, he was not arguing the general case for higher pensions from a few exceptional examples. Any pensioner without other resources or relatives is forced into this position by the fact that pensions, even supplemented by National Assistance, are below the subsistence level.

One of the difficulties that one meets in trying to assess how much poverty there is among old people is that the facts often belie the evidence of one's eyes. The pensioners that I interviewed were not destitute; few of them even lived in slum or near-slum conditions. Their homes might lack baths or indoor toilets, or in some cases, proper kitchens, but they were mostly bright and tidy. All of them, however, told me much the same story. "If we eat as we should like," said one, "we can't make ends meet." Another said: "If it's a question of coal or food, in winter we pay for the coal." A third pointed to his patched suit and to the shoes he had rather clumsily repaired for himself. "Do the politicians who fix our pensions know how we live?" he asked.

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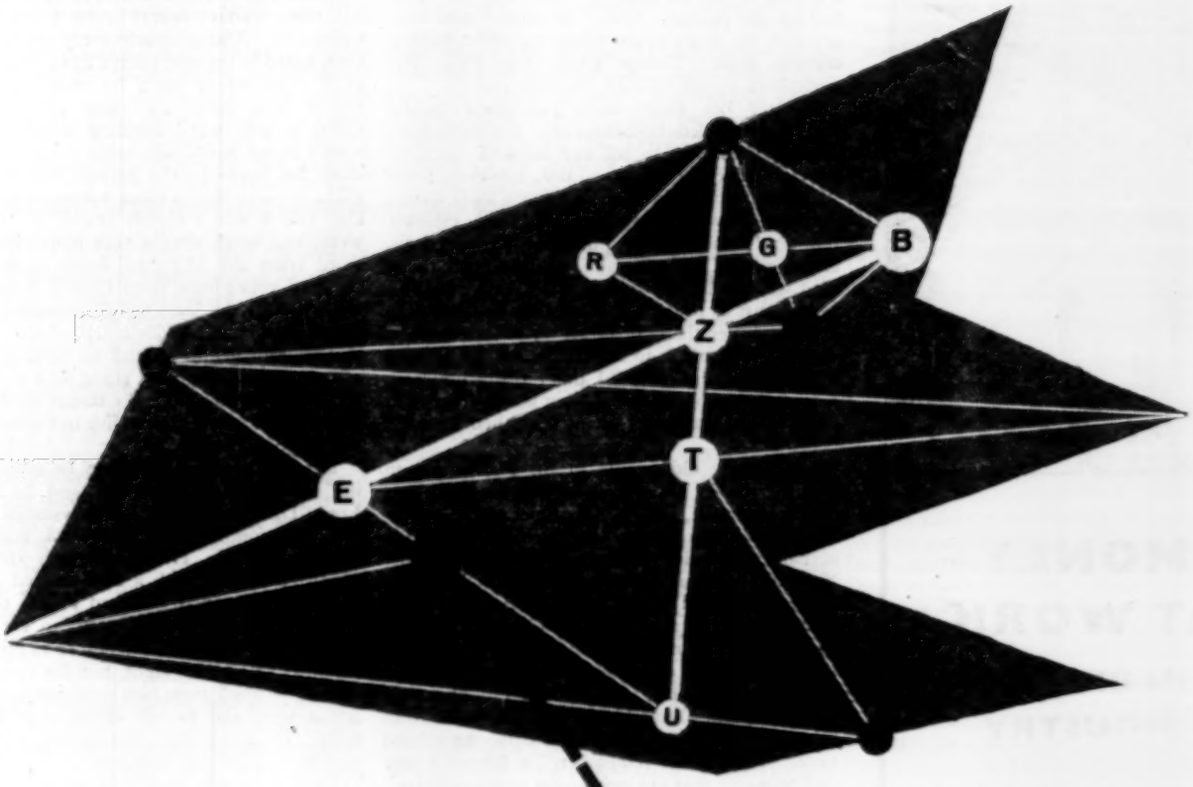

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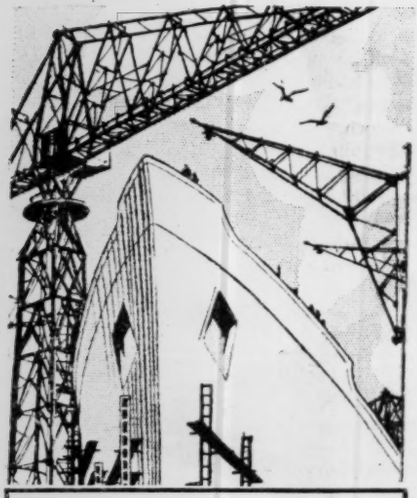

MONEY AT WORK

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"Have they ever had to stop buying newspapers for a month to pay for soles for their boots?" One had an apt phrase. "No," he said, "you can't say that we don't know where our next meal is coming from. Things aren't that bad. But sometimes we go without the next meal."

Poverty has made such pensioners careful and often skilled housekeepers. I found them reluctant, at first, to tell me intimate domestic details. Once they began to talk, however, I was surprised to find how well they knew their weekly budgets, how accurately they could estimate how much they had to put aside for light bills, clothing and shoe repairs. For all of them, food was the largest single item. Yet all of them agreed that as prices had risen they had begun to eat less rather than cut down on other expenses. One old man put it to me in this way: "If I eat a little less," he said, "I don't really notice it. I don't *feel* so poor. But if I cut out my 'baccy or football, or I can't buy a new coat, then I do feel poor."

How many old people in St. Helens are in poverty today? It would be rash to make any precise estimate, for only a proper social survey could give an accurate answer. My impression is that, despite the relatively liberal way in which National Assistance regulations are interpreted, a great many of those receiving Assistance are below the stringent definition of poverty used by Mr. Rowntree in York; many more are only just above it; and even more, who have not applied for Assistance, but just make do on their State pension, eked out by small amounts from relatives or former employers, are having a hard time. "You must remember," a former miner said to me, "that our generation never had much chance to save. Too many of us had to bring up our families on the dole, or part-time pay. Even when we were working, it was all we could do to keep our heads above water. We don't ask much, but now times are better something should be done for those who had the worst of it."

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Beelzebub's Road

IT was when Long Dan came back from France after the first war that he began agitating for a road to Camaloch in place of the deep-rutted, precipitous track which existed. He wrote to his Member of Parliament and asked would he be good enough to do something about it. The M.P. wrote back to say that the matter was receiving close attention, so Long Dan waited hopefully. Camaloch deserved a better road, for it was a bonnie place with its miles of flat fertile *machar* between the steep mountains and the shell-sand beaches. Once upon a time there were forty crofts there and in those days the track was passable, for there were plenty of men to give a hand in keeping it repaired. But even at its best it wasn't good, for nearly half a mile of rock required to be blasted away in different places and there were long stretches of bottomless peat that swallowed every stone put into it. That was more than the crofters could cope with, and as the years went by more and more people left Camaloch to go to a place with a road. And the more that left the worse the track got until at last it was unfit for a horse and cart. They stopped taking horses altogether after Black Murdo with a dram too many slithered over the Craigdhu precipice one frosty night, with his horse and cart and three bolls of oatmeal. There were so many pieces to pick up that Long Dan swore there was more of the horse went into the coffin than of Murdo, but everyone knew that Long Dan was a coarse brute and much given to exaggeration.

By the end of the first war, so many people had left, there weren't twenty crofts being worked in Camaloch. And as nearly every young man had been killed in the war except Long Dan, it looked as if there would be a lot more vacant crofts before long when the older people died off. Good houses were standing empty and there wasn't better land—and, what was more unusual, dead flat land—in the parish; but nobody was going to move in to a place without a road. Long Dan said it was a bloody shame the way things were; and when after a year there was no more word from the M.P., he wrote again and said fourteen young men from Camaloch had died in the war and the least the Government could do was to give a road to their dependents; he was an ex-Serviceman himself and he remembered a lot of talk about the soldiers going back to a "land fit for heroes to live in." As things stood, he said, it took a blooming hero to live in Camaloch and it wasn't good enough.

The M.P. wrote back to say he would be visiting the constituency shortly and he would see Long Dan personally. Sure enough he came within a month, because there was going to be a general election. He said he was shocked and disgusted to find such a road existed in Britain, and that if he was returned at the election he would move heaven and earth to get them the road they so sorely needed and so richly deserved. He was returned all right, but the years went by and not a word from him or about a road. And not a word did he say about it in Parliament either, for Long Dan was getting a newspaper and reading all the speeches.

Long Dan was very wild about it, and when the next election came round he went and spoke to the Tory candidate—the sitting member being a Liberal—and said he would get all the votes in Camaloch if he could do better than the other man in the way of getting a road. The Tory man had a look at the track and listened carefully to Long Dan's story and then he told him what a terrible mistake he had made trusting a matter of importance like the Camaloch road to a Liberal. It was disgusting and shocking, he said, that such a breeding place of heroes had only that miserable track, but now Long Dan could rest assured they would very shortly get the road they so sadly needed and so richly deserved. That was, of course, if the Tories got in. Long Dan was fair ashamed of the mess he had made of things by depending on the Liberals, so on polling day he routed every man and woman in Camaloch out from their firesides on a stormy day and made them walk to Altallin and vote Tory. Indeed if it wasn't for Dan the Tory wouldn't have got in, for he polled only twenty more than the Liberal. But in he got and it was a Tory Government too, so Long Dan went about saying it wouldn't be long before they had a road now.

But the months went by and not a word about it. So after a year Long Dan wrote to remind him, and he got a letter back to say that he was indeed sorry that nothing had been done so far but the fact was that the last Government had been so criminally stupid and negligent that they had brought the country to the brink of ruin and that the Tories had had their hands full getting things straight ever since. It would take a year or two yet to get the country back to normal and after that the matter of the road would certainly be attended to.

Long Dan was terribly disappointed, but not long after that his cousin in Glasgow sent him a Socialist newspaper that had a long article telling how the Tories had stolen the Road Fund, and not a cent of all the money people had paid dear to license their cars would now be used for

new roads or reconstruction. There was a lot more in the Socialist newspaper about how the Tories were the enemies of the people and their fine words and promises didn't mean a thing because they used Parliament only to further their own interests and keep the ordinary folk under their heels. It was quite plain to Long Dan now that he had been fooled a second time and there would be no chance of a road while the Tories were in power. But he took a big fancy to the Socialist newspaper and got it sent to him regularly. He got books on politics from the County Library, too, for by this time he was fair interested in the goings-on in Parliament, quite apart from the road. And as the years went by he began to get the hang of the business and he swore in the pub in Altallin that it was the dirtiest business he'd ever poked his nose into since his first day at school when he'd fallen down the hole in the boys' privy. The only hope, he said, was if the Socialists got in.

There didn't seem much chance of that at the time, but at the next election there was a Socialist contesting the seat as well as a Tory and a Liberal, so Long Dan asked him what *he* could do about a road. The Socialist man said that if they got in, the needs of the ordinary folk would no longer be ignored. Highlanders would be high on the priority list for the fine new roads they so sadly needed and so richly deserved. Long Dan's heart sank a bit at that, for it rang a bell; but he had great faith in the Socialists. And when the news came that they had got in, and with a man of the good Highland name of MacDonald at their head, Long Dan was so pleased that he went on a big spree at Altallin and twice nearly staggered over the edge of the Craigdhu going home. But his high hopes didn't last long. After a bit it was plain that the Socialists were in difficulties. Worse than that, the head ones seemed to have forgotten all their high principles and the wishes of the people, and MacDonald himself no better than a Tory stooge. Long Dan, the coarse brute, said in the pub one night that it was exactly the same as went on in Altallin parish council, where the head ones were more concerned with kissing the Laird's backside than attending to the needs of the parish.

In two years, the Socialists were out again and the Tory Nationalists in. And when after time had gone by, Long Dan said the jordan-headed Chamberlain was leading the country into the biggest war that ever was, they didn't believe him, for everyone knew the Germans had no money and all Hitler's tanks were made of cardboard. And the country was prospering too, whatever Long Dan said, for the road through Altallin was being reconstructed and tarred, and everyone was taking time off from the crofts to earn a good day's pay on it. There was even talk of a road to Camaloch, and someone said to Long Dan in the pub one night that now was the time to write to the M.P. about it, for there was plenty of money in the country. But Long Dan was so scunnered of politicians by now that he swore he would sooner walk into Hell and ask Beelzebub himself for a road than go to any Member of Parliament again, whatever his party. That was a terrible thing to say on a Saturday night and it getting on for the Sabbath. But he was as drunk as a piper by then and getting worse every minute until by closing time nobody had ever seen Long Dan so far gone. Off he went, with a half in his hip, reeling along yon terrible track to Camaloch and the night as black as the Earl of Hell's waistcoat.

It was late on the Sabbath morning before they found him, lying on a ledge twenty feet over the edge of the Craigdhu, with six inches between him and Eternity. He was terribly excited and kept telling the men how in the night Beelzebub himself, hairy and stinking, had barred his way. And he had got the brute by the throat and made him bawl for mercy till he promised a road to Camaloch. Long Dan, even in his delirium, nearly split his sides laughing when he told how he had squeezed the breath out of Beelzebub at last; and he only knew Old Hornie had given in and promised when he began nodding his head fit to shake it off. But no sooner had he let the Fiend go than he got a kick in the backside that sent him over the Craigdhu. Sure enough there were plenty of cloven hoof marks just above where Long Dan fell, and Duncan Beg, who was superstitious, got as white as a sheet when he saw them. But Geordie Neil found afterwards that his wee bull had strayed in the night and it was like enough that Long Dan had got him mixed up with the devil. Right enough, the poor beast looked gey peely-wally for a week after that and wouldn't as much as look at a cow.

But there were some who weren't so sure there wasn't something in Long Dan's story, for before his leg had mended the war was on, and there were brass hats from the R.A.F. came to have a look at Camaloch; they wanted a landing field there, it being the only flat place for fifty miles around. Of course then they had to have a road out of it, and in no time at all an army of men had blasted and drilled and bulldozed a grand new double track concrete highway from Camaloch to Altallin. And when people told Long Dan he must be in league with the devil, he said it was better to have dealings with a Gentleman who kept his word than to lower one's dignity having truck with politicians.

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One Suit of Clothes

On August 22, 1945, when Ho Chi Minh became the first President of the Republic of Viet Nam, he characteristically remarked: "I was chosen President because I had nothing: no family, no house, no fortune, and only one suit of clothes—the one I am wearing." The cotton jacket and trousers are a symbol of revolution in the Asian world of peasants where luxury and ceremony belong to feudal courts and foreign rulers.

Ho Chi Minh was born in 1892 in the Northern Province of Viet Nam, Nghe An, which the French call *la province rebelle*. His name was Nguyen ai Quoc. His father, aristocratic, scholarly, felt the humiliation of Western conquest, and he was dismissed by the French for supporting one of the early nationalist movements, the "Society for the Modernisation of Viet Nam." His sister was sentenced to nine years hard labour for "stealing" guns and his brother was condemned for sheltering "rebels."

In 1911, Nguyen ai Quoc joined a French merchant ship at Saigon as a cabin boy and began a wandering life which ended only in 1945. He visited the United States, Africa, Portugal and Germany. When the war broke out in 1914 he was in London, working at the Carlton Restaurant under Escoffier. He tried unsuccessfully to join the British Army and then left for Paris, where he earned a living retouching photographs.

Paris was an important centre for a politically minded colonial. To begin with, there were 100,000 of his own countrymen in France, brought over as soldiers or as workers. They were a promising field for nationalist propaganda. Then he joined the *Ligue des Droits de l'Homme* and the Socialist Party and he became a friend of Léon Blum. As soon as the war was over he was ready with a Manifesto demanding political and civil liberties for his country, which he presented to the Peace Conference. Official historians ignore it, but it made history for Viet Nam, and it brought its author in touch with Indians and Koreans, Irish and Arabs, who were making similar demands.

"Le petit Monsieur Ferdinand," as he was called in Paris, became well known in Left circles. He wrote articles on Viet Nam in *Le Populaire* and *l'Humanité*, signing them Nguyen ai Quoc, which means Nguyen the Patriot. He edited a paper called *Le Paria* which was a rallying ground against colonialism and his book *French Colonialism on Trial* inspired many young Vietnamese to join the ranks of nationalist struggle. At the Socialist Party Conference in 1920, he supported Marcel Cachin in the split between supporters of the Second and the Third International, and joined the French Communist Party.

Moscow came next. The French Communist Party sent him as their delegate to the International Congress of Peasants in 1923. He remained for more than a year, during which period he formed a group among the Vietnamese students in the Lenin School; they were a cadre for the future Communist Party in his own country. In 1924, the Comintern chose him to act as secretary-translator to Borodin during his negotiations with Sun Yat-sen in China.

From these discussions Nguyen ai Quoc learnt many lessons in the art of revolution. In June, 1925, he brought many young Vietnamese exiles together in Southern China; some went to train in Chiang Kai-shek's new Whampoa Military Academy and thence to build Communist cells in Viet Nam. By 1927, when he had to leave China, he had become one of the key people in international Communism and directed its Southern Bureau. In 1930 he formed the Indo-Chinese Communist Party. It was soon in action, organising peasants' revolts in Tonking, where famine and poverty were widespread. Many rebels were executed or imprisoned by the French police. Nguyen ai Quoc was arrested, at their request, by the British authorities in Hong Kong. After his release he was banished from Hong Kong, and disappeared. The French put a price of 50,000 piastres on his head.

In March, 1941, he reappeared as Ho Chi Minh; the name means "he who shines." Governor General Catroux and Emperor Bao Dai had handed over the country to the Japanese. The Indo-Chinese Communist Party, after abortive risings in 1940, had shifted its headquarters to South China. Ho Chi Minh, who had trained young Communists in Moscow and in Canton, now prepared for the last lap in his life of revolutionary struggle. His prestige was so great that he was able to unite Communists and non-Communists in the Viet Nam Doc Lap Dong Minh Hoi, the Independence League which came to be known as the Viet Minh. Its declared object was to fight against French and Japanese Fascism until Viet Nam was liberated.

In October, 1944, Ho returned to Indo-China; and within nine months, the Viet Minh had consolidated its control over the six northern provinces of Tonking and it had a network of committees throughout Annam and Cochin China. On September 2, 1945, the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam was proclaimed with Ho Chi Minh as President.

The first Frenchmen who met him were im-

pressed by him as "a personality of the first order, with intelligence and subtlety far above the average of his countrymen. His attitude was not at all sectarian and he gave the impression of wanting to solve problems without violence." M. Philippe Devillers, who knew Vietnamese history and culture intimately, writes of him:

> He is Marxist, profoundly Marxist, and yet he does not give the impression of believing in a materialistic dialectic. His words, his behaviour are marked with a deep humanism. All his life he has struggled, yet he has an impressive serenity. This fragile man, ascetic, with poor health, does he nourish the ambition of becoming the Gandhi of Indo-China? Certainly those who know him best believe this. He was without any doubt opposed to violence.

Nothing in post-war history is as short-sighted as French policy in dealing with Ho Chi Minh. He was not personally hostile to the French and there was nothing in Marxism to rule out a settlement which gave Indo-China independence within the French Union. British policy in India impressed him. "Why can't the French see that wisdom lies in the pattern of British relations with India?" he asked English friends in Paris in 1946. At home, too, he believed that non-violent revolution was in keeping with the spirit of his people; and he was far more willing than most of his colleagues to take the French "on trust." The March, 1946, Agreement is a good illustration. In return for French recognition of Viet Nam as a "free State with its own government, parliament, army and finance, forming part of the Indochinese Federation and the French Union" he allowed French troops to enter Tonking. He justified this agreement to an immense crowd in front of the theatre in Hanoi on the grounds that this would pave the way to international recognition. The French troops would come under Allied orders and would go in five years.

When he visited France three months later to work out the details of the agreement, he said to M. Bidault, in their first official interview, that "the French Union, strengthened by a variety of free peoples would astonish the world by its cohesion and unity. . . . Thanks to Paris, Viet Nam was on the way to independence and would soon play the role it deserved in the Pacific to the great honour of France." He was quickly disillusioned. Yet, when the Delegation, led by Pham Van Dong walked out of the Conference, he avoided a breakdown. In the middle of the night he went alone to sign the *modus vivendi* agreement with the Socialist Minister, Marius Moutet. "I have just signed my death warrant" he whispered to the police inspector who took him back to his hotel.

Back in Viet Nam he had difficulty in winning over some of his colleagues, notably the Communist leader and victor of Dien Bien Phu, Vo Nguyen Giap. When he asked the crowd in Hanoi to shout with him "Long live Franco-Vietnamese friendship," Ho Chi Minh felt a tension which alarmed him.

This tension deepened as one incident after another convinced the young colleagues of Ho Chi Minh that France meant to reoccupy their country, even at the cost of a colonial war. All the evidence shows that Ho Chi Minh personally hoped to persuade the French peaceably to agree to Vietnamese independence. On December 6, he appealed to the National Assembly to instruct the French authorities in Viet Nam to observe the terms of the *modus vivendi*. On December 10, Léon Blum responded with an article in *Le Populaire* urging that France's only way of maintaining her prestige, influence and legitimate material interests was to recognise the independence of Viet Nam. Ho Chi Minh promptly sent Blum a message containing concrete proposals for conciliatory action by both sides. The next day Blum became Premier. Unhappily, the French censor in Saigon held up Ho's letter, which did not arrive in Paris till the 26th. Whether war would have been avoided if his message had arrived promptly, no one can say, since the Socialist Party was divided on the issue. War began that night.

When, at the beginning of the year, M. Moutet, Socialist Minister for Overseas Territories, visited Hanoi, Ho made suggestions for an immediate cease-fire with a peace treaty to follow. His memorandum was ignored. Again, on January 21, when the Premier, Ramadier, spoke in favour of Vietnamese independence within the French Union, Ho replied in a radio address that when France recognised the independence and unity of Viet Nam "we will retire to our villages, since we are not ambitious for power or honour." There was no response. On March 1, 1947, Ho appealed again to the French people, saying that hostilities could immediately cease, and that it was not too late to re-establish friendship and confidence between the two countries. Not even the French Communists came out in his support; though the Communist deputies abstained in a vote of confidence, Communist Ministers voted with their colleagues in the Cabinet, and Thorez, then Vice-Premier, countersigned the directive ordering military action against Viet Nam.

In April, when the Vietnamese asked for an armistice, the French High Commissioner sent Paul Mus, an Oriental scholar and Vietnamese expert, to see Ho. The conditions he brought with him amounted to capitulation. "If you were in my place would you accept them?" Ho asked, and the Professor admitted he would not. Ho continued: "In the French Union there is no place for a coward, and if I accepted these conditions I should be one."

In August, 1947, Ho again made overtures, this time through the French Minister in Bangkok, and on August 15, 1947, when India and Pakistan were to receive their independence from Britain, the High Commissioner made detailed plans for proposing a cease-fire on the same date. Top-ranking military men in Saigon were opposed to it, and General Valluy went to Paris, where he warned Bidault and other Cabinet Ministers who persuaded the Premier to recall the High Commissioner.

In interviews with correspondents in 1949, Ho Chi Minh declared that he still believed it possible for Viet Nam to avoid being drawn into the world struggle between the two Great Power blocs, and could win independence by its own efforts, and might still be neutral if there were a Soviet-American war. There is no reason to doubt Ho's sincerity or his ability to carry through this policy at that date. But at the end of 1949 the Communist victory in China introduced a new factor, and when American aid to the French began to arrive in August, 1950, Viet Nam, which historically had always feared China, and had hitherto only accepted Chinese aid on commercial terms, realised that it had no chance of victory save through full-scale Chinese help. There can be little doubt that the actual leadership was already in the hands of less tractable Communists than Ho. The war, hitherto mainly spasmodic and guerilla in character, became desperate. Terrible things were done on both sides, and Ho Chi Minh himself began to call the French "bandits" and to speak of his country as part of the new democratic bloc resisting the aggression of French imperialism and the American intervention. The narrow colonialism of the French had lost them their Asian Empire. They refused to compromise with the one man who, as the head of an independent Viet Nam, might have maintained the friendship and unity of the French Union.

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WHY PICASSO?

WHY is Picasso the most famous living artist in the world? Why does everything he does have such news value? Why do even those of us who are more seriously interested than the sensational press, go to a new Picasso exhibition hoping to be *surprised*? And why do we never come away disappointed?

Take the present Picasso show at the Lefèvre. It contains two jokes cast in bronze. One is an ape with a toy model car for a head, a vase for a belly and a piece of an iron bracket for a tail. The other is a bird with a head and plume made from a gas-tap, a tail from the blade of a small shovel and legs and feet from two kitchen forks. The fifteen paintings include some recent (1953) sketches of women's heads in which profile and full-face are dislocated and re-assembled together, a flippant canvas of a dog and a woman wrestling hammer and tongs on the floor, and two small pictures from the tragic series of women in hats painted during the German occupation—their faces brutally wrenched into shapes reminiscent of gas masks. There are no important works in the show. Yet it remains intensely memorable. Why?

The easy answer is to say: because Picasso *is* a great artist—because he can set a model car in clay and somehow make it convincing as a head of an ape—because he can draw a goat's skull (No. 20) with such finesse that one can feel every twist and turn worn away by the muscles. But to answer like that is to beg the question. It doesn't explain why the scrappiest work by Picasso is so disproportionately compelling, or why all his work is so much more *immediately* arresting than that of, say, Matisse or Léger who in the long run will probably be seen to possess equal or even greater genius as painters.

Those who petulantly and sceptically say "You only admire it because it's been done by Picasso," are in a way quite right. In front of Picasso's work one pays tribute above all to his personal spirit. The old argument about his political opinions on one hand and his art on the other is quite false. As Picasso himself admits, he has, as an artist, discovered nothing. What makes him great are not his individual works but his existence, his personality. That may sound obscure and perverse, but less so, I think, if one inquires further into the nature of his personality.

Picasso is essentially an improviser. And if the word improvisation conjures up amongst other things, associations of the clown and the mimic—they also apply. Living through a period of colossal confusion in which so many values both human and cultural have disintegrated, Picasso has seized upon the bits, the fragments, the smithereens, and with magnificent defiance and vitality made something of them to amuse us, shock us, but primarily to demonstrate to us by the example of his spirit that within the confusion, out of the debris, new ideas, new values, new ways of looking at the world can and will develop. His achievement is not that he himself has developed these things, but that he has always been irrepressible, has never been at a loss. The romanticism of Toulouse Lautrec, the classicism of Ingres, the crude energy of Negro sculpture, the heart-searchings of Cézanne towards the truth about structure, the exposures of Freud—all these he has recognised, welcomed, pushed to bizarre conclusions, improvised on, sung through, in order to make us recognise our contemporary environment, in order (and here his role is very much like that of a clown) to make us recognise ourselves in the parody of a distorting mirror. In *Guernica* the parody was tragic; there, angrily and passionately, he improvised with the bits left over from a massacre: as in other paintings, also tragically, he improvises with features and limbs dislocated and made fragmentary by the dilemmas

of our time. But the process, the way he works—not by sustained creative research but by picking up whatever is in front of him and turning it to account, the account of human ingenuity—is always the same. Even when as now he makes a bird from the scrap metal found in some cupboard.

Obviously this shorthand view of Picasso oversimplifies, but it does, I think, answer the questions I began by asking. And also goes some way to explaining other facts about him: the element of caricature in all his work; the extraordinary confidence behind every mark he makes—it is the confidence of the born performer; the failure of all his disciples—if he were a profoundly constructive artist this would not be so; the amazing multiplicity of his styles; the sense that, by comparison with any other great artist, any single work by Picasso seems unfinished; the truth behind many of his enigmatic statements: "In my opinion to search means nothing in painting. To find is the thing." "To me there is no past or future in art. If a work of art cannot live always in the present it must not be considered at all." Or, "when I have found something to express, I have done it without thinking of the past or the future."

The conclusions one can draw are these: that it is Picasso's simple and incredible vitality that is his secret—and here it is significant that of all his works it is those that deal with animals that are most complete and profound in sympathy; that to future generations our estimate of Picasso, judged on the evidence of his works themselves, will seem exaggerated; and that we are absolutely right to hold this exaggerated view because it is the present existence of his spirit that we celebrate.

Michael Werner, who is showing some figure sculpture at the Beaux Arts, is an artist who has developed and is developing very quickly—and would incidentally be a good choice for sensible portrait commissions. At the Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, there is an extremely interesting exhibition of *Rumanian Folk Art* that will surprise all those who have preconceived prejudices about "folksiness."

JOHN BERGER

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THE PRISONER

IN his one-act opera, *Il Prigionero*, which was performed last week at the Festival Hall under the direction of Hermann Scherchen, Luigi Dallapiccola has succeeded in a task which has defeated many contemporary sculptors, novelists and dramatists. He has made a living work of art out of the deadliest horror of our age. Except for Michael Tippett's *A Child of Our Time*, it is not easy to think of another modern work in which misery and cruelty are so steeped in—and as it were overcome by—a pervading human warmth and compassion. In these two works we are far from the typical contemporary horror-piece, in which cruelty is displayed with more than a hint of gloating; equally far from the wooden rhetorical "protest" which is little more than a gesture directed against whichever brand of tyranny lies on the opposite side of the political fence.

Unlike Tippett, Dallapiccola has avoided a specifically modern subject: he has based his plot on the short story of Villers de l'Isle Adam called *La Torture par l'Espérance*, with some additions from another source. But he would be a dense listener who could miss the contemporary relevance of this opera, begun during the war and completed in 1948. The plot is simple, without factual complications of any sort. An unnamed prisoner of the Spanish Inquisition, who has endured unspeakable tortures, is permitted a brief visit from his mother, to whom he speaks of the one thing that has kept him alive and even hopeful: the fact that his warder has spoken kindly to him and called him "brother." (The gently drooping phrase to which the word "fratello" is sung becomes a corner-stone in the musical structure). On the mother's departure, the warder enters with the word "fratello," bringing news of revolt in Flanders; "have faith, brother," he whispers, "sleep, and hope." As he leaves, a shaft of light shows that the door is open, and with a great cry of "Hope!" the prisoner rushes out. There follows an imaginative scene in which the prisoner makes his way cautiously along a subterranean passage, crouching back into the dark as figures pass by him—first a torturer, then two monks engaged in theological dispute. In the final scene the prisoner has reached a vast garden open to the starry sky. Exulting in his new freedom, and "as though upon an impulse of love for all humanity," he embraces a large cedar tree in the centre of the stage. Two arms close around him, and the word "fratello" is heard once more—and in the same infinitely gentle voice. It is the Grand Inquisitor, who is also the warder: "On the eve of your salvation," he tenderly enquires, "why do you wish to leave us?" The prisoner, dazed into acquiescence by this last and cruellest turn of the wheel, takes the Inquisitor's hand and begins to move with him towards the stake, whose fires are dimly perceptible in the distance. The curtain falls on his muttered question, not rhetorical but simply interrogative: "Liberty?"

It is difficult to feel certain, after a first hearing, how much of the powerful impression made by *Il Prigionero* is due to the composer's libretto, a masterly piece of work, and how much to the music. The style might be described, in rough critical shorthand, as an Italian equivalent of Alban Berg's Violin Concerto. Like Berg, Dallapiccola uses the twelve-note technique with a great deal of freedom and with a great many clear references to more traditional kinds of harmony and melody: for instance, he shares Berg's addiction to major and minor triads, especially the latter, although all such weaknesses of the flesh had been strictly abjured in the early days of the twelve-note movement. Reminiscent of Berg, again, is the use of a large orchestra to produce a transparent, varied and sensuously beautiful texture. Dallapiccola's individual contribution is what might have been expected from an Italian: vocal writing that is often, though by no means always, grateful and effective, and in its more strenuous moments somewhat akin to that of the Italian *verismo* tradition. The dominance of the voice is emphasised by the fact that the composer entrusts to it the first appearance of the three seminal themes which run through the whole work ("fratello"; the prayer of the prisoner; and the theme of Roelandt, the great bell of Ghent, symbol of revolt and of freedom); he ensures that these themes shall be melodious, vocal and therefore memorable. By all these means, and primarily of course by the sheer strength and resource of his musical faculty, Dallapiccola establishes with the unprejudiced listener a powerful current of comprehension and human sympathy.

Twice in the course of the action, which lasts only an hour, an unseen chorus, accompanied by organ, breaks harshly and violently across the texture of orchestra and solo voices. In the first of these choral interludes, the mother's bitter cry of "*fi*[glio]" is interrupted and taken over by a stern "*Fiat misericordia tua*"; in the second the moment of the prisoner's escape into the open air is greeted by a tremendous and strictly tonal outburst from the choir, *fff*, *sostenutissimo* and *grandioso*. Musically, these interruptions are both impressive and convincing; it is not so easy to be sure precisely what they stand for. The voice of true religion? The prayers of the world's prisoners at all times and in all places? Whatever the intention, I was much moved by these outbursts—and indeed by the whole opera. There is perhaps some inconsistency between the harsh logic of the plot and the frequent sweetness and even sensuousness of the orchestral fabric. It might reasonably be held that a more austere treatment would better suit the theme; or, rather, that a clearer musical distinction might be drawn between the hypocritical sweetness of the warder-Inquisitor and the genuine human compassion of the composer's attitude to his hero. These are matters which it will be interesting to discuss when we come to know the work better—as some day soon, I hope, we will.

To judge from reports, we radio listeners had the advantage of the audience in the Festival Hall. The mother (Magda Laszlo, soprano) and the warder-Inquisitor (Helmut Krebs, tenor), who were both said to have been often inaudible "in life," came through finely on the air; but transmission could not amend the monotonous and imprecise singing of the title role by Willy Heyer (baritone). Moreover, the radio listener could visualise the impressive sequence of stage pictures better than a concert audience and better than the spectators of a dull production. I have been told that the stage performances at Florence in 1950 were ineffective; but I believe none the less that, given the combination of a first-rate producer and a designer with the imaginative power of, say, Francis Bacon, *Il Prigionero* could make a powerful impression. It would be pleasant if we could envisage its production at Covent Garden. But it will require a companion. *Cav* and *Pag*. What and *Prig*?

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

ROUND UP

THE third play to come into the Stratford repertoire is *Romeo and Juliet* with Laurence Harvey and Zena Walker in the name parts. This turned out to be the most successful of their ventures so far this season, and for that Mr. Glen Byam Shaw's producing must claim much of the credit. The play did not start with the same exciting get-away that marked Hugh Hunt's recent Old Vic production; but the Motley's plain wood double balcony suggested less the sultry heat that hangs heavy on an Italian town than the department of utility furniture in a wartime store. Then Miss Zena Walker, the young actress playing Juliet, made the understandable error of playing up her youth. This makes for less rather than more conviction, for a hot fourteen in Renaissance Italy is not the same thing as the

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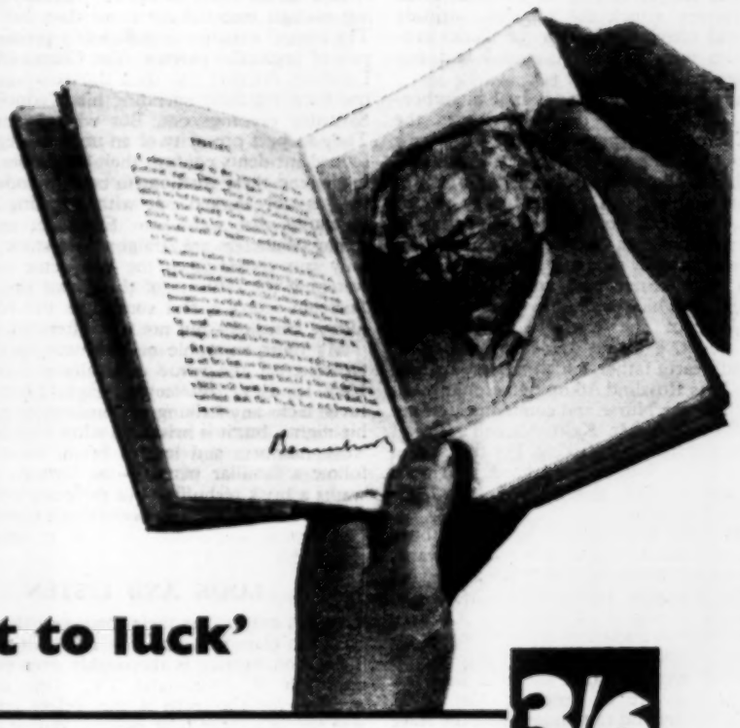

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puppy fat and simper of English girlhood. Mr. Laurence Harvey struck the romantic attitude effectively and convincingly, but the blades surrounding him were not so successful and this made another hole in the first act.

But as the play proceeded, so it grew in authority. Miss Zena Walker deepened under the pressure of events and proved herself an actress of great promise. She has a vibrant and musical voice which she allowed increasingly to work for her, and her last act was a fine attempt at one of the most difficult of Shakespearean roles. Others, too, in the cast, had come up well. Mr. Leo McKern gradually won our conviction for his robust and earthy Friar with none of the occupational oiliness which disfigures so many stage representations of the clerisy. Mr. William Devlin's Capulet, a shade over-characterised as the bluff and hearty father, added at least a streak of raw life; Miss Rosalind Atkinson thoroughly enjoyed herself as the Nurse and communicated her enjoyment to us and Mr. Keith Michell's Tybalt was straight and true and striking. For this season Stratford is to be judged as a good provincial repertory and as such this *Romeo and Juliet* reached a high standard.

In London, the first-nighters have been busy enough in the last fortnight, but their rewards have been—apart from the new Fry—somewhat meagre. Mr. Douglas Home's *The Manor of Northstead* is a sequel to his *The Chiltern Hundreds*. English audiences are notoriously indulgent to old favourites, and so they may forgive the poverty of invention that has gone into this play for the pleasure of watching Mr. A. E. Matthews pottering and rambling round the stage in the most agreeable manner imaginable. This amiable Earl, abusing all the privileges of old age, is a genuine creation by actor and author alike; Mr. Charles Heslop's butler, too, has a faint infection of life, but the rest of the cast are quite non-existent and barely have a smile to raise between the lot of them.

Nor has Mr. Roger MacDougall in *The Facts of Life* (at the Duke of York's) succeeded in finding enough material for more than half a play. The central situation is sufficiently promising. A pair of neglectful parents, Alec Clunes and Avice Landone, discover that their thirteen-year-old son has been regularly spending his Wednesday and Saturday evenings out. But where? And why? They suspect precocity of an unusual degree, and several incidents confirm their suspicions, though in the end these turn out to be ill-founded. The idea is not worked out with anything like the ingenuity that went into *Escapade*; again, the minor characters are straight from stock; and the only fun comes from the boy actor resignedly watching the fatuities of the grown ups. Lance Secretan scores a real success as the boy. The idea is amusing—but not unadulterated.

My most enjoyable evening was spent at the Criterion at the revue originally put on at the New Lindsey, *Intimacy at Eight-Thirty*. The revue lacks any striking personalities to put in the highlights, but it is brisk and witty with few really weak numbers and lots of bright ideas. It may follow a familiar pattern—the formula of revue wants a brisk reshuffle—but there are several new targets and quite a number of bulls scored.

T. C. WORSLEY

LOOK AND LISTEN

COMING events cast their shadows before, and it has been plain for some time now that the B.B.C. Television Service is thoroughly overcast by the approach of commercial TV. One can sympathise; for the truth is the Television Service was put in a quite false position during the great debate on the future of television in this country by its most eminent and most impassioned supporters—the bishops, the vice-chancellors and the noble lords. None of these, it struck one at the time, were likely to be men in the habit of glueing themselves nightly to their TV sets; indeed, it was difficult, from what they wrote, to believe that they had ever watched TV consecutively.

The truth is, that long before the V.I.P.s began to lay down the law on subjects of which they appear to have had as little first-hand knowledge as the Archbishop of York seems to have of contemporary poetry, the B.B.C., in the field of light entertainment, was to some extent already parasitic on commercial, *i.e.*, American, radio. *Twenty Questions* appears weekly "by arrangement with Maurice Winnick," and similarly, the TV quizzes, *What's My Line?* and *The Name's the Same*, are "presented by arrangement with C.B.S. of America and Maurice Winnick."

There is nothing particularly sinister in this: America dominates the entertainment industry throughout the western world; and these programmes, whatever their other merits may be, have at least the accountant's virtue of being cheap to mount. In the past few weeks in TV, however, there has been an increase in the number of programmes emanating from abroad so striking as, in my view, to be disturbing. One has the distinct impression that the B.B.C. has decided to face commercial television on what is assumed to be the latter's own ground and to out-gun it even before it knows the fire-power commercial TV will be able to muster. We are having, for example, the series of half-hour films with the general title of *Orient Express*, "films for television made in post-war Europe." These are quickies made quite obviously for the American television market. If, as it must be, the comparison is with the commercial cinema, with the run-of-the-mill films we see at the local, then one can only say that there's nothing in them that would raise the pulse-rate of any film-fan. At their best, they mildly suggest films put together from footage Sir Carol Reed had cut out of *The Third Man* as not good enough. They exploit, one might say, the myth of divided central Europe as a jungle of spies and kidnappers. It seems a perversion of television to use the medium to show films that by any standard are inferior. That they are especially made for television is irrelevant.

Another instance is the sudden importation from America of the *Amos 'n' Andy* programme. This, which apparently is watched weekly by nineteen million people in the United States, is a corny but extremely efficiently scripted and produced coon show in which the Negro appears in his traditional role in American entertainment, as the unsophisticated child playing at being grown up. To encourage us, the laughter of an American audience has been added to the sound track. It is in fact mildly entertaining, but it belongs so much, it seems to me, to American "folk-ways" as to have not much more than an academic interest to English viewers.

Then there is *You Are There*, "televised by arrangement with C.B.S. Television and Maurice Winnick." The first we have seen, which was made in England, with B.B.C. announcers, commentators and actors, was *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, a piece of historical reconstruction reported as though having just taken place. As entertainment, it existed at the level of a very unimaginative feature-programme in sound broadcasting translated into vision; and indeed a series of historical programmes resembling *You Are There* in its fundamental idea appeared on sound a few years ago, without the assistance, as I remember, of either C.B.S. or Mr. Maurice Winnick. But the question this particular programme immediately raised was, Isn't it rather late in the day to scandalise us with exposures of the inefficiency of our generals in the Crimean War? Isn't there enough in the history being made all about us at this moment that TV might well be exposing?

This record of recent television importations is surely a little pathetic. It suggests that B.B.C. television has no clear notion of what its function should be, no clear notion, one almost fears to think, of what television is. Perhaps it has been unfortunate in having so rapidly come into an enormous audience. Perhaps the trouble goes deeper than that and lies in the closeness of its tie-up with B.B.C. sound broadcasting. Perhaps it has been unlucky in the time of its development: imagine TV as it might be now, if it had been invented twenty-five years earlier than it was, and it could have harnessed to itself the energy and single-mindedness of the young men who were making the British documentary film industry. Above all, perhaps, it has lacked, and now lacks more than ever, someone at its centre of the calibre of Lord Reith, who, whether one agrees with him or not, has this great virtue, that he realised earlier and more clearly than anyone else what broadcasting was all about. If there were a Reith in our TV today, or a Grierson, or anyone with an adequate conception of the magnitude of the medium's possibilities, it wouldn't now be meeting the threat of commercial television by, far too much of its time, putting on an imitation of commercial television shorn of its advertisements. It would, instead, be asserting its own authority by doing those things that commercial TV from its very nature is unlikely to do.

WILLIAM SALTER

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UNIVERSITY CYNICISM

SIR,—Mr. Buchanan is right. There is an extraordinary political apathy at the universities. Here at Oxford the apathy is particularly striking when you compare it with the intense political activity of the Thirties. But why is this? It is not just because undergraduates feel that they are helpless in face of events apparently outside their control. It is also, I am convinced, a reflection of the prevailing academic atmosphere. Analysis reigns supreme here in Oxford. Naturally this is the case with the social sciences. But it also characterises philosophy, which is now concerned almost exclusively with problems of logic and language. As a result, discussion of the big traditional questions of political philosophy is at a discount, and undergraduates are encouraged to pursue the delights of criticism rather than the arduous task of thinking out coherent political attitudes. This produces the political inertia of the ivory tower which Mr. Buchanan so well describes.

My experience as an undergraduate politician here in Oxford has led me to a further rather worrying conclusion. One might expect undergraduates who come up to university from State schools and poorer homes to have a less sheltered attitude. Indeed, a large proportion of them might be expected to have Labour sympathies. But these undergraduates are politically just as apathetic as the rest, if not more so. This may be partly a reflection of political apathy in their homes, partly a consequence of the fact that many of these poorer students tend quite naturally to concentrate on academic discipline while they are up at university, and so have little time for political activity. But in many cases it arises from a conscious or unconscious urge to conform to the prevailing atmosphere of the university, which socially and academically and in every way puts a premium on critical detachment. The undergraduates from the State schools are not leavening Oxford: they are being absorbed by her.

However, in spite of all this, there is no need to be as pessimistic as Mr. Buchanan. I would say that there is also a good deal of latent idealism which would rise to the surface if only a proper appeal were made to it. Here in Oxford the problem of the H-bomb is causing lively discussion throughout the university at the present time. Socialist undergraduates in particular are becoming increasingly aware of the moral challenge of colonial exploitation and poverty in the under-developed areas, and this interest is by no means restricted to them. And a Fabian Society recruiting drive amongst Oxford undergraduates is proving quite successful.

However the average intelligent undergraduate still regards the Labour Party as something rather soiled and tired, clogged by bureaucracy, bereft of ideas and imagination, relying too much on outdated slogans and ancient formulas. Party propaganda of the "Ask your Dad" variety makes no impression on him, for he is interested in the present and not in the past. (I assume that the recent television programme, "Meet the Labour Party," was aimed at least partly at the younger generation, but I have yet to meet an uncommitted, or indeed a sympathetic, undergraduate who was not profoundly bored by it.)

JONATHAN BOSWELL

New College, Oxford.

GRADUATES AND WIVES

SIR,—Janet Adam Smith's article in your issue of May 8 is a valuable contribution to the discussion which has been provoked by P.E.P.'s broadsheet, "Graduate Wives." Many of the states of mind and situations she refers to must be well known to your readers. May I explain my motives in undertaking the research on which the broadsheet was based? They were, first, to study the post-1930 generations of graduate wives in order to discover how many of them found they could combine any sort of outside work with family life, and if so, at what stages of their lives; and how far their aims for middle age and later life differed from those of non-graduates of similar social types. Secondly, to see what, if any, new thought on the education of really intelligent girls would emerge from the study. Thirdly, the research fulfilled a personal need: it was all done at home, combining looking after my house and family with the pleasures of free-lance, boss-less, non-manual work.

The upshot so far of the discussion in the press is that many (but not all) graduate wives wish to work outside home when their children no longer need all their time and energy, but that, teaching apart, very little paid work is available for them. They are not only looking at the matter from the personal point of view, they know they have a contribution to make to a wider society than their own families.

JUDITH HUBBACK

19 Wellgarth Road, N.W.11.

SIR,—Why does Janet Adam Smith assume that the woman graduate "brings up her children to prefer Beatrix Potter to Enid Blyton?" My own degree (in Eng. Lit.) does not lead me to impose any such artificial standards of taste upon my children. Beatrix Potter's works have a nostalgic appeal for adults (myself included) and are, at the moment, fashionable; but "The Tale of Peter Rabbit" frightened my daughter to tears, while Noddy and Big-Ears have become dearly-loved friends. This may show poor taste on my child's part or it may, on the other hand, indicate the greater suitability for children of Miss Blyton's stories.

2 Westfield, Wimborne, Dorset. MAY PURSEY

JOMO KENYATTA

SIR,—I think that Mr. K. P. Shah is mainly right in his analysis of the causes of the Mau Mau outbreak in Kenya; but I am sure he is quite wrong to suppose that the release of Jomo Kenyatta to speak to the Africans would bring the Emergency to a speedy end. In the first place, there are about four million Africans in Kenya who are not Kikuyu; and I very much doubt if Kenyatta has ever had the sort of overwhelming influence over them that he had over the Kikuyu. In the second place, I am not at all sure that he has as much influence over the Kikuyu themselves as he once had. I have recently returned from the Kiambu District, which is part of the Kikuyu Reserve; from talking to Kikuyu I have got the impression that there is a section of the tribe who feel that Kenyatta has betrayed them. I had a very interesting conversation with an educated Kikuyu who is prominent in the anti-Mau Mau resistance; this man told me that he wanted self-government for the Africans in Kenya, but that he thought that Mau Mau, far from helping them to get it, had made it almost impossible of realisation; "these people have put us back fifty years and therefore I am against them." There is a tendency among Left-wing people in England to speak of the loyal Kikuyu (with "loyal" carefully put in inverted commas) as if they were all police spies. This is not so; some of the best of the Kikuyu are against the Mau Mau, out of loyalty to the tribe itself. The failure of the Kenya Government to deal with Mau Mau is largely due to their failure to give these men adequate help and encouragement, and to provide the Kikuyu as a whole with any positive inducement to oppose Mau Mau.

If Kenyatta was released it would be the grossest betrayal of the anti-Mau Mau Kikuyu. I quite agree with Mr. Shah that Africans should speak to the Kikuyu, to persuade them that the Kenya Government means to carry out the necessary reforms; but I am sure there are Africans other than Jomo Kenyatta who would be listened to, and that the release of Kenyatta now would be not only foolish but also wrong.

J. MEIKLEJOHN

Harpenden, Herts.

GOD-GUIDED

SIR,—I am a railwayman, member of the Labour Party and hold position in my union, the N.U.R. I first met M.R.A. in 1950 when as the result of a critical article I read in the press I wrote to them. Since then I have been actively connected with M.R.A. and my experience has been the opposite of that of Geoffrey Williamson.

To deal with some of the points raised. In the four years I have been in M.R.A. I have never met with

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JONATHAN CAPE

such a case as that quoted about the businessman, nor has it been my experience that the policy has been to cultivate the wealthy and influential. As much love and caring have been shown to me and my family as towards anyone else, and this is the experience of other workers. There is a substance of truth concerning individuals in key positions in their industries; but unfortunately much apathy exists at present, and if they are too disinterested even to take an active part in their union or political party, it is idle to hope they will be prepared to play an active part in anything that calls for living up to certain absolute standards. It is, however, interesting to note that many cases can be quoted of non-union members joining their union—and card members taking up active positions, as a result of meeting M.R.A.

Mr. Williamson's assertion about making much of an individual's connection with the aristocracy is also at variance with what I have found. In many cases I have known people for a considerable time, only to discover by accident that they are titled. The point about asking permission to go to the top of a mountain is too utterly ridiculous. On each occasion I have been to Caux I have been entirely free to come and go as I please.

If we are to believe Mr. Williamson, nearly everyone who goes to Caux must be a privileged guest because they practically all have at least one meal in Frank Buchman's dining-room and whilst the meals are always good and well planned, I wonder where Mr. Williamson usually dines if he has never even imagined such meals.

Much stress is laid on the financial aspect, yet I have found one gives according to one's means, either in cash, kind or time. As a railwayman I give little money, but on occasion my income has been reduced by a tenth through lost time, etc.

Much play is made on the propaganda and slogans, but would Mr. Williamson or Mr. Kingsley Martin deny that all movements use these means? In the trade unions and Labour Party we have such slogans as "Workers of the world unite," "All men are brothers," etc. Maybe when they were coined they meant something. But today the ideals behind them have been lost sight of in a welter of materialistic selfishness. The great difference I have found in what are termed "M.R.A. slogans" is that those who quote them really try to live them.

It can be readily understood that I see M.R.A. through eyes entirely different from those of Mr. Martin or Mr. Williamson, and I am perfectly sincere when I say that my connection with M.R.A. has made me a better trade unionist, a better father and a better member of the human race. I have found a faith in God. The way has not been easy and there have been times when I felt like backing out. It is a continual challenge and I feel that it is this personal challenge that causes some to fall by the wayside.

We live in an age of division, frustration and fear. People everywhere are searching for the answer. I and thousands of others feel we have found this answer. It was William Penn who said, "Men must be governed by God, or they condemn themselves to be ruled by tyrants." SIDNEY D. HOSKINS

52 Layfield Crescent, N.W.4

OBSCENE LITERATURE

SIR,—I find myself stupidly confused over this question of obscene literature, and write in the hope that some of your correspondents may be able to clear my mind. What particularly puzzles me is the meaning of corruption. I read that five million copies of a particularly corrupting series have been sold. Now with the very modest estimate of two readers per book, this means that one-fifth of the population is already corrupt, and the need for a definition becomes urgent.

Many references have been made to the possibility of *young* people being corrupted by obscene books, but no corrupted young person has ever been offered in evidence. If corruption means becoming interested in sex, then one must admit that this often happens as a result of reading, but most usually at a very early age and from books like fairy-tales and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. And is being interested in sex the same thing as being corrupt?

It can't mean, can it, that people have been persuaded by reading certain books to become homosexuals? For one thing, I doubt that a fifth of the population is homosexual, and for another, no one, in the recent spate of articles on the subject, has suggested that reading obscene books is a cause. The same goes for cosh-boys since these, according to the press, are either illiterate or read only comics. It could be, of course, that reading obscene books leads to Unspeakable Sexual Practices, but as these, in addition to being unspeakable, are necessarily committed in privacy, I don't see how the courts can tell. Maybe these books lead people to adultery, but a far more usual cause, I think, is attractive members of the opposite sex (of course, these could be banned). I *have* wondered whether what these books do is to teach people how to copulate, but since so many marriages fail because people *don't* know how to, and the birth-rate is causing anxiety, one can't feel such knowledge can be called corrupting or even anti-social. Or is it just that these books make people *want* to copulate, like war and music and the time of year? But if that were so, we'd surely start by banning war.

I suppose evidence could be heard on all these points, and I do wonder that it isn't. Or couldn't some research be done to find out whether there is a positive correlation between, say, adultery and reading books recently banned? I have read obscene books myself, and it may be that I am corrupt, but I am a wife and mother, and have appeared on television.

Windmill Hill, N.W.3 MARGHANITA LASKI

THE ARTIST AS A GREAT MAN

SIR,—Peter J. Bell, seeking to challenge Mr. Crossman's presentation of Elas as a "popular rising," claims "I was there" and that he can testify to "the atrocities committed by this 'popular rising'." I was there, too. Indeed, I was captured by ELAS and remained under their control for six weeks.

The activities of Mr. Bell and the rest of the British Army (who arrived later when atrocity-mongering clouded objectivity) secured my release, and I do not wish to appear ungrateful. But I must express, for what it is worth, my view that Elas, before the fighting, appeared to enjoy considerable popularity with the Greeks I met.

Mr. Bell naively accepts the Greeks' later "gratitude" for armed deliverance by British troops as evidence of Elas unpopularity. What would have happened had a pro-Elas Greek made his sentiments known?

CHRISTOPHER BARKER

THE ARTIST AND SOCIETY

SIR,—The controversies round Mr. Berger always seem to get down to ends. This time it is Mr. Keith Vaughan gently insisting that works of art are ends-in-themselves. An unexamined æsthetic is not worth holding but this one seems to be very generally taken for granted. Of course if it were expanded this piece of naive unrealism would plainly make nonsense. And then we should have to ask, along with all philosophers, parsons and magistrates: Are not people the only ends in themselves? Whether you call them personalities or souls or prisoners matters less than understanding that people are the ends and works of art are among their means to fulfilment. And this still makes it sensible for fire-watchers in a blitz to risk their lives to save Wren's St. Paul's—much as others have willingly given their lives to crash the sound-barrier, which is certainly not an end-in-itself.

For artists, an æsthetic philosophy is a strictly practical need. I fancy the danger of Mr. Vaughan's is that it leads to sterility.

Highgate. MONTAGU SLATER

"EASTERN WORLD"

SIR,—In your Correspondence columns last week, Mr. H. R. Pelly quoted from Mr. Yongjeung Kim's important article on Korea. This appeared, not in the non-existent journal whose name he gave, but in the April issue of *Eastern World*.

Eastern World, H. C. TAUSSIG,
45 Dorset Street, W.1. *Editor.*

Books in General

THE most interesting question about the poetry of Dylan Thomas, it seems to me, is raised by Cyril Connolly on the back of the dust-cover of the Collected Edition.* He says that Dylan Thomas "distils an exquisite, mysterious, moving quality which defies analysis as supreme lyrical poetry always has and—let us hope—always will." This assertion has a certain truth, because the arts are a great mystery, but we must remember that the logic of it applies equally to Wordsworth. The suggestion of it is something quite different, that you needn't worry if you can't make any sense of the early Dylan Thomas poetry; you had better just be pleased, because you know you are in the fashion if you say you like it, and if it makes no sense that only shows it is profound. But this theory is dispiriting to good readers and a positive encouragement to the practice of bad reading; one ought not to rest content with it. And yet a good deal of his poetry does give countenance to this lethal formula; perhaps more so than any other top-grade poetry in the language. During his lifetime he was frequently attacked for (in effect) tossing the juice around so smudgily, though this has been ignored in the very deserved acclaim immediately after his death.

In any case, he had been changing. (And, incidentally, the early verse turns on rather few fundamental ideas, so that once you know what to expect you can find them with less effort; this makes it unlike the obscurity of Shakespeare when tearing on the tripod, which it otherwise resembles.) There is a period of sag in his work, already just feelable perhaps in the second book of poetry, where the succession of thrilling magical lines, each practically a complete poem in itself, fails to add up. The sonnet sequence called *Altarwise by Owl-light* in the collected edition is a fair example, because a lot of it is undoubtedly wonderful and yet one can't help feeling that the style has become a mannerism. Evidently he became conscious of this, and most of the poems written during the Second World War are concerned to develop a particular theme. He went on to descriptions of his childhood, as in the splendid *Fern Hill*, which is not obscure at all; and meanwhile he was writing plays and stories which are fully externalised, though of course steeped in his peculiar tone or vision. He was just getting ready to be a dramatist, and knew he needed to, though the superb but rather static survey of *Under Milk Wood* was (as it happened) all he had time for. For that matter, as I have mentioned Wordsworth just to give the contrast of an author wishing to be simple in style, it is as well to point out that Wordsworth felt the need of the same process; he talks a good deal about the loss of his first inspiration and the struggle to become a greater poet as a result of that. We need not think of Dylan as a deluded or self-indulgent author. But, all the same, it is the first inspiration, the poems the young man hit the town with (overwhelmingly good, though one resisted them because one couldn't see why), which are the permanent challenge to a critic and in a way the decisive part of his work. I was disinclined to review the *Collected Poems* when it came out during his lifetime, because I would have had to say I liked the early obscure ones best, and I was afraid this would distress him; so I now have one of those unavailing regrets about my timidity, because he knew all that kind of thing very well and could be distressed only by a refusal to say it.

Many people recently have described their personal contacts with this entrancing talker. What I chiefly remember is hearing him describe how he was going to do a film of the life of Dickens, showing how he was determined to escape from the blacking factory and determined to send his children to Eton and finally killed himself by insisting on doing public performances of readings of the Murder of Nancy and so forth (not needed for money, only needed to make his life dramatic enough) when his doctors had told him it would kill him. You can't exactly blame the top chaps in the films for not hiring Dylan at his own valuation then; it was a question of time and one would think there was time in hand; but still the film he wanted to make about Dickens was very profound and very box-office. If Dylan had lived a normal span of life it would have been likely to mean a considerable improvement of quality in the entertainment profession; he ought not to be regarded as The Marvellous Boy who could not grow up.

Let us go back then to the early poems and their obscurity. It is quite true that they hit you before you know how, but that is no reason for not wanting to know how. When Dr. Johnson went to the Hebrides he took with him Cocker's *Arithmetic*, because (he said) you get tired of any work of literature, but a book of science is inexhaustible. When I was refugeeing across China (in 1937-9) I too had a little book of school Problem Papers, but it was worth carrying the poems of Dylan Thomas as well because they were equally inexhaustible. This was not in the least because I thought a smart critic only tastes them and knows better than ever to wonder what they mean; they would have been no use to me in such a case if I had taken up this silly attitude. All the same, there is still a lot of his poetry where I can feel it works and yet can't see why. I have no theory at all about the meaning of the line:

> The two-a-vein, the foreskin, and the cloud,

though I am sure there is a reason why it seems very good; and indeed I don't much like the poem (called *Now*) it's the last line of, so I don't bother about it, but I assume on principle there is something there which I feel and can't see, but could see. On the other hand, of course, there are cases where a footnote would make no difference. Since I got back to England recently I have been asking about Mnetha in the tremendous verse:

> Before I knocked and flesh let enter,
> With liquid hands tapped on the womb,
> I who was shapeless as the water
> That shaped the Jordan near my home
> Was brother to Mnetha's daughter
> And sister to the fathering worm.

Miss Kathleen Raine has at last told me that Mnetha is a suitable character in one of Blake's Prophetic Books; but this acts only as a reassurance that the line meant the kind of thing you wanted it to, not really as an explanation of it—"That'll do very well," as Alice said when she was told the meaning of a word in the *Jabberwocky*; because she knew already what it ought to fit in with. I think an annotated edition of Dylan Thomas ought to be prepared as soon as possible, and that a detail like that ought to go in briefly, but it would be hard to decide what else ought to go in.

The political poets of the early 1930's had good luck for poets in being able to recommend something practical (more socialism at home, a Popular Front against Hitler abroad) on which almost the whole country had come to agree with them by 1940. The idea that they ought to be ashamed of it, which is now creeping about, seems to me farcical. If they changed their minds later they did so like other citizens; they were right at the time, as the country soon came to agree. It is untrue (and I gather that the mistake is liable to be made nowadays) to think that, when Dylan Thomas broke in, it meant a change of politics. He had much the same political opinions as Auden, and was very ready to say so; but he was not interested in writing verse about them. What hit the town of London was the child Dylan publishing *The force that through the green fuse* as a prize poem in the *Sunday Referee*, and from that day he was a famous poet; I think the incident does some credit to the town, making it look less clumsy than you would think. The poem is more easily analysable than most early Dylan Thomas poems, and we need not doubt that the choosers knew broadly what it meant (I would not claim to know all myself); but it was very off the current fashion. It centres on comparing the blood-stream of the child Dylan to the sea-cloud-river cycle by which water moves round this planet, and he is united with the planet, also personally guilty of murder whenever a murderer is hanged, and so forth. The mining term *vein* for a line of ore was naturally a crucial pun for the early Dylan, because of his central desire to identify events inside his own skin with the two main things outside it, the entire physical world and also the relations with that of other men. Such was the main thing he was talking about, and the point of vision was set too high for him to let the current politics into the structure of metaphors. There was no other reason for not letting it in. He really was a "mystic," as the term is used, but he would have been very cross with anybody who supposed that this meant Right-wing politics.

I am trying to consider a reader who is doubtful whether to read this poetry, so I am thinking whether I could give any useful advice. You must realise that he was a very witty man, with a very keen though not at all poisoned recognition that the world contains horror as well as delight; his chief power as a stylist is to convey a sickened loathing which somehow at once (within the phrase) enforces a welcome for the eternal necessities of the world. It is particularly important to realise this at the end of the sequence *Altarwise by Owl-light*, which I mentioned earlier as bad, but when it is good it is ragingly good. It ends:

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* *Collected Poems.* By DYLAN THOMAS. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Under Milk Wood. By DYLAN THOMAS. *Dent.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Green as beginning, let the garden diving
Soar, with its two bark towers, to that Day
When the worm builds with the gold straws of venom
My nest of mercies in the rude, red tree.

I hope I do not annoy anyone by explaining that the Cross of Jesus is also the male sexual organ; Dylan would only have thought that tiresomely obvious, a basis for his remarks. But when you get to the worms instead of the birds able to build something valuable in this tree, and the extraordinary shock of the voice of the poet in his reverence and release (at the end of the whole poem) when he gets to his nest, you do begin to wonder whether he meant something wiser than he knew.

WILLIAM EMPSON

YES, BUT

(For Robert Graves and Margaret Murray)

The hot sky breaks into healing showers
To soothe the scorch on my child and me,
To open our eyes that we may see
How the bare bough buds and the waste land flowers.
Out of the wolf pit run the green children.

Scholars have searched and poets have written,
Have plucked the blossom and turned the shell,
Answered the riddle, rung on the bell,
Come at more than Matter of Britain.
Out of the wolf pit run the green children.

The quiet current flows ever faster,
The traveller, cautious, can not turn back,
The low clouds wait and the small sticks crack,
The witches' coven calls for their master.
Out of the wolf pit run the green children.

I have smelt the breath of the sow-faced Mother,
Have watched the Wanderer weigh his staff,
Have heard in the dusk the jay voice laugh,
Saying: One thing leads to another.
Out of the wolf pit run the green children.

NAOMI MITCHISON

ILK MAN HIS AIN CHRIST

Yon auld chiels wha scrievet Genesis
Tauld an unco version o the turn
Cowped our parents out frae paradise:
And wha are we to girn agin their tale?

Yet me, whan whiles my musin taks me back
Til yon first pair, the scapebaests o our sin,
(and til yon sticket chiel, their saviour son)
I like to see them in a diferent licht.

I like to think that they were blythe and young,
Lovers tae, like Shakspere's weirdet pair,
And lauched by bonnie burns, and kissed, and ran
Bare and swippert as twa strippet saughs,
And in their ploys found out a dernlik wey
Frae the garth o paradise—syne forgot
Hou to get back, and anerlie found a yett
Yimmet by twa sheenan cherubim.

And God himsel leuked doun,
Lovan his saikless bairns, yet helpless tae,
Claucht in the grup o his ain integritie . . .

Lief sauls, lat ithers wyte ye as they will,
And saviours dee to save us aa frae ye:
My wae's my ain—ye'll dree nae wyte for me.

TOM SCOTT

Unco, strange; *swippert*, lithe; *saughs*, willows; *yimmet*, guarded; *lief*, dear; *wyte*, blame; *dernlik*, secret.

GREECE AND THE WEST

Fair Greece, Sad Relic. By TERENCE SPENCER. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 25*s.*

Anyone who goes to Greece and looks at the buildings must surely be struck by that great historical gap commented on by Mr. Osbert Lancaster. Greece's visible peculiarity is that she appears to have ceased to exist before Renaissance times and then, in the nineteenth century, to have made a sudden jump back into an existence which, if we were to judge by the "Bavarian" houses of Athens, shows little connection either with the classical or with the Byzantine past. The reason for this, of course, is the long period of Turkish occupation, which from 1460 onwards precluded the further development of Greek culture as ruthlessly as the Greeks themselves, when they came back into their own, swept away those minarets which must have added such charm to their landscape. But it is a mistake to assume that during those blacked-out centuries the Greeks had lost their identity; they retained after all both their language (which was blooming at least in folk song) and their religion (though that, like so many things in Greece even today, tended to work both ways. See Mr. Spencer: "The Patriarch became, in reality, an official of the Ottoman imperial system; and accordingly the respect of the religious Greeks for their Patriarch involved a kind of allegiance to the Sultan"). It is a mistake again to assume that during those same centuries Western Europe had lost all interest in Greece. Mr. Spencer's very well documented book is largely devoted to refuting this second assumption. Philhellenism, we all know, burst into full Byronic bloom in 1821; Mr. Spencer proves that it had a long history before that, especially in England.

Fair Greece, Sad Relic may be what its author calls it, "a laborious book which marches along on its footnotes" but, if so, not only is the main line of march made clear and convincing but there is plenty of entertainment in passing. Since the march leads us not only to liberation but to Byron, a spotlight is turned upon Byron's many poetic predecessors, some big, most of them little, beginning with Ariosto, who complained of the Pope's disregard of Greece's enslavement. Then we have Ronsard and, later, one Richard Zouche, of New College, Oxford, who in 1613 wrote of

> . . . Greece the dismal Sepulchre
> Of Learning, Virtue, Valour, Policy . . .

But this was mere lament; "the first of English Philhellenes", John Milton, wanted something done about it. In 1652 he wrote a Latin letter to a Greek in Athens insisting that, *if only* the Greeks will recover their ancient virtues, then they will be able to regain their liberty *and* other nations will help them: *neque ipsos sibi Graecos, neque ullam Gentem Graecis defuturam esse confido.* In 1683, after the Turks had been driven out of Vienna, Edmund Waller makes a flattering appeal to Charles II to go one better and drive them out of Greece. Later he repeats the appeal to James II:

> The British Monarch shall the Glory have
> That famous *Greece* remains no longer slave . . .

In the eighteenth century such sentiments are multiplied. Thus in Dr. Johnson's forgotten tragedy *Irene* ("Fill all thy ardent breast with *Greece* and Virtue") Mr. Spencer remarks that

> by anachronism he attributes to Greeks of the fifteenth century feelings of devotion to the Liberty of their country which were, in fact, coming into existence among the Greeks contemporary with Johnson; and which were to be given revolutionary expression before Johnson's death.

In 1762 appeared "the first elaborate treatment of modern Greece in English poetry," *The Shipwreck* by William Falconer, who had visited the country as a second mate. And so on, through many minor or minimal poets, till in 1809 they are joined by a novelist, Miss Sydney Owenson whose *Woman, or Ida of Athens* was, it would seem, one long gush of Philhellenism. But creative writers are only part of Mr. Spencer's story, which starts with the "disappearance" of Greece in the fifteenth century and moves on to the establishment of trade between her and the West in the sixteenth, a contact which did not, to begin with, improve the reputation of the Greeks. Mr. Spencer points out—and, as usual, proves his point with many quotations—that the common noun "greek" was used by the Elizabethans to mean either a waster or a crook and that "it was with the considerable disadvantage of a derogatory name that the Greek nation re-entered the consciousness of Europe."

In the next two centuries, what with currants and coffee and a growing interest in the Greek Church and in objects of art and in topography, England and France became increasingly conscious of Greece. As early as 1610 we find an English traveller in Arcadia who was inspired by his surroundings to a prose worthy of Amanda Ros: "the remembrance of these sweet seasoned Songs of Arcadian Shepherds which pregnant Poets have so well penned, did recreate my fatigated corpse with many sugared suppositions." A seventeenth-century manuscript directs an agent that if he "meet with any statues or Colossus too great to be carried away whole, he must employ men to saw it asunder with iron saws and sharp sand . . ." And about the same time we find a Patriarch of Constantinople, a friend of the British Ambassador—but not of the French Ambassador—who "conceived the extraordinary plan of reforming the Greek Church by bringing its doctrines into harmony with Calvinism," and who finally was strangled and thrown into the Bosphorus. By the eighteenth century Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is showing an "eye for the continuity of the life of the Greek peoples from ancient into modern times" and, a little later, further sympathy is excited by the Society of Dilettanti. Simultaneously, Russia is getting interested in pushing out the Turks but, what is much more important, the Greeks themselves are getting interested. And, as Milton had foreseen, once the Greeks bestirred themselves, they did receive help from the West and, in particular, from Britain.

LOUIS MACNEICE

ENGAGED HISTORIANS

The European Inheritance. Edited by SIR ERNEST BARKER, SIR GEORGE CLARK and PROFESSOR P. VAUCHER. *Oxford.* 3 *vols.* 105*s.* or separately 42*s. each.*

Knowledge is power, or so we like to think. And for more than two hundred years men have believed that an encyclopædia, summarising all knowledge, would bring power to change the world. Even now, though somewhat disillusioned, we hope that, if only we understand European civilisation, we shall have more chance of preserving it. At any rate, this was the view of the Ministers of Education of the allied governments who met in England during the war. They commissioned a history of European civilisation. And here at last it is, anticipating, in fairly friendly rivalry, the even more gigantic project on which Unesco is engaged.

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man would have produced a book with less detachment and perhaps more mistakes. But one has only to compare Wells's *Outline of History* or Fisher's *History of Europe* to see what has been lost. These books had vision and excitement. Even as propaganda they were more effective.

For this book is propaganda, despite its claim to be history "of an objective character." The writers are not exploring history for its own sake. They are preaching the virtues of the west European way of life; and Sir Ernest Barker goes over openly to exhortation in the epilogue. The very choice of contributors shows this—five British, three French, one Belgian, one American; a list more representative of the late allies than of European culture. There is no one from Italy, Spain or Germany, nor from any part of eastern Europe. It is a sign of the times that eastern Europe is brought into the story at all. A generation ago it would have been ignored. But even now the emphasis is on the division between east and west. Byzantium is treated as an inferior heir of Rome and blamed for "the dubious gift" of Caesaropapism, as though the west did not manage to invent something of the same kind. Of course there are differences, but hardly greater than between north and south or even between the outsides and the middle. It is a puzzling view of European history which excludes, say, Stephen Dushan, Tolstoy and Lenin from the main stream.

However it is still more puzzling to discover what we of western Europe are supposed to have inherited. Some of the writers, to judge from their essays, seem to think that the events are a legacy in themselves. This is like saying that I inherited from my father an account-book full of figures. But the figures make sense only in so far as they represent debts to be paid or a fortune to be enjoyed; they have no significance in themselves. Moreover, inheritance in real life, as against popular fiction, is not all gain; it also involves burdens and handicaps. Most of the contributors shy away from this. They still believe that history is always "up and up and up and on and on and on." Political toleration, for instance, is part of the European inheritance; but so also is anti-Semitism and, if history is the only judge, it is the stronger inheritance of the two. The most marked characteristics of modern European history are surely scientific ingenuity and the sovereign independence of states. The machines are now about to blow us all up; the sovereign states are an insuperable barrier against the federation of Europe which most of the contributors to these volumes seem to desire. If we really want to build a saner, happier world, the wisest course is to throw all our historical recollections out of the window and forget our European inheritance.

The editors hope that these volumes will "meet the needs of students in the upper forms of secondary schools and in the early years of university courses." The price is likely to defeat this hope. But a student may be tempted to acquire a single volume; and each has some attraction. Professor Bruun gives a stimulating account of the nineteenth century in Volume III. Professor Gordon Childe in Volume I disentangles the complications of prehistory. He also explains that temples were invented to store "the social surplus"; and that religion was "the social lubricant" which ensured that the social surplus was paid over. This conjures up an entertaining picture of one prehistoric priest saying to another: "the social surplus is slow in coming in. We must turn out a stronger dose of social lubricant." Though funny, this hardly justifies the volume. Volume II, however, is distinguished by Sir George Clark's essay on the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This is a work of rare mastery, which challenges comparison with that of the greatest historians. It was unkind of Sir George to have set so high a standard. Sir George Clark is the Voltaire of our times, though a Voltaire rather ashamed of his wit. He tries to be as pedestrian as his colleagues; but fortunately for us he has not succeeded.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

A PAIR OF PROFESSIONALS

Tolstoy: A Life of My Father. By ALEXANDRA TOLSTOY. *Gollancz.* 30*s.*

Twenty years ago Tolstoy's youngest daughter gave us a study of her father's life, called *The Tragedy of Tolstoy*. It has been useful to biographers and could be read, by those with a taste for the intimacies of hysteria, together with the diaries of the Countess. The author had been the favourite daughter of Tolstoy's old age—for the others, to his displeasure, had married—and she had been with him at the end after his flight; she sided with him in the appalling marital quarrels that followed upon his conversion. The seeds of these quarrels were planted very early in the marriage by Tolstoy's violent egotism and by the possessive jealousy of his wife, and though in her new book the daughter has tried to be impartial, and to be kinder to her mother, we are not left with anything more than what repentant and pious memory normally supplies. The Tolstoy marriage is an archetypal wrangle, a life-long war carried on by two people of strong, resourceful and unyielding character with opposite, yet possibly complementary, conceptions of marriage. It is a bout by a pair of professionals, comparable to that of the Carlyles; a bout by people who, fundamentally, had the religious view that they were not in this for mere happiness. They shouted too much, diarised too much, accused, repented and accused again, too much; by now the reader who has got into the squalor of this family quarrel has had too much of Russian expressiveness. The life of Tolstoy now needs to be dealt with critically from the point of view of his mind and genius, and far less from the daily domestic aspect, interesting as this once was.

If Alexandra Tolstoy is not an important biographer she has a privileged viewpoint as a member of the family. She has used the autobiographical writings, Tolstoy diaries, the memoirs, the family album, copiously and we do see Tolstoy as the family saw him. The old man's conversion was implicit in the boy's passionate desire to be "good" in the evangelical sense; the pattern of lust, remorse and Methodistical introspection is laid down very young. We get a strong sense, from this book, of the patriarchal traditions that operated so powerfully in Tolstoy's life: in a way Tolstoy's messianic ideas were a religious projection of the primitive values of patriarchal life. His views on the role of women were positively Abrahamic.

If we look to this book for information about him as a writer at work, there is much interesting material, but one senses a gap—the element of lowering and aggressive quarrelsomeness in his literary life is missing—if we except the account of the famous quarrel with Turgenev who cannot be said to be portrayed at all. Nor for that matter is any other writer portrayed. On the other hand, there are charming portraits of minor characters, like the eccentric copyist, one of the few who could read Tolstoy's handwriting, who was picked up by Tolstoy in a village market and came to copy out manuscripts in the later years, when the toiling daughters had married or given up. Tolstoy's manuscripts were always covered with corrections. That lucid prose did not simply flow, but was the result of work on the many drafts that followed the first rapid outburst; these drafts, the daughter notes, were often very poor, and even amateur. Yet, such is the instability of the creative judgment, many drafts were rejected, though to an outside eye they seem better than the final choice. Tolstoy's was a fertile, wasteful, immensely energetic genius, and he was nervously tortured by critical uncertainty about the merit of his work and fretted between boredom, humility and defensive attacks on his rivals. His method of writing, we are told, was to begin with vague images, or ideas, many of which were provoked by listening to music; only gradually did he accept his own characters who were generally composite portraits taken from life; boredom set in once the scheme of a novel was well established, and then he was on the nerve-destroying grindstone of literature. He took a great deal of trouble in getting detail correctly from life. When *Hadji Murat* was being written, he wrote to the son of the Colonel who had the rebel in custody:

> Did Hadji Murat live in a separate house or in the house of your father? What was the lay-out of the house? Was his clothing distinguishable from that of the ordinary mountaineers? On the day he escaped did he and his henchmen ride out with rifles on their shoulders or without them?

That music released the flow of ideas is interesting because in the late days, Alexandra Tolstoy suggests, it was Tolstoy's jealousy of Taneyev (the pianist with whom his wife was platonically in love) that provoked him to write the pamphlet on *What is Art:*

> When Taneyev played the works of contemporary composers Tolstoy was indignant and argued fiercely with him about music and art in general, proving to him that art is real only when it is comprehensible and accessible to all.

That throws an odd light on the genesis of a pamphlet which has caused more annoyance to later generations than anything else in Tolstoy's polemical writings.

The portrait that gradually forms in the mind, as one reads Alexandra Tolstoy's book, is not entirely that of a writer. It was a main difficulty between Tolstoy and his wife, that whereas she continually complained of lethargy, boredom and the inability to fill her life—despite her 13 children—he had the vitality to fill a hundred lives. There was the estate, there were the peasants, the schools, the disciples; there was his passion for family games, sports, horse racing as well as his public work as the father of his community. There are even clever contributions to the family magazine. The out-pouring is Dickensian in its scale. Energy is the condition of great genius and we can understand why Gorki thought of the old man as an inhuman elemental being and force of nature. Unhappily the Countess was jealous that she could not absorb such a man, and "absorb" is her own word. The non-absorbable comes out with vivacity in this *Life* and it indicates the delight he must have given despite the groans of melancholy, rage and torture which appear in the diaries. If this *Life* has a value it lies in the genial detail and in what it catches of the vital, natural man.

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tions which confers greater freedom, dignity and responsibility. These things cannot be provided for by legislation, and any attempt to do so would be a contradiction in terms. The industrialist, like the democratic statesman, can only frame policies to exclude the conditions which militate most actively against harmony. He cannot regulate the hidden strengths and flaws of human beings, but these underlying properties of our nature must be constantly in his mind.

Human relationships can be studied on two levels. In the first place we examine the formal structure of a relationship to discover the laws, rules, procedures and committees by which it is regulated. Such a study of marriage would entail research into the laws on divorce, married women's property, prohibited degrees of relationship and so on, and a similar study of human relations in the context of industry would entail reading Professor Richardson's book.

In the second place, we need to discover what actually happens within these relationships. It suggests something of a changed attitude towards marriage that the wife may keep control of her own property, but this cannot of itself tell us whether women now are more independent than their grandmothers, whether there is a better working partnership in marriage, or whether there are resentments and rows. In order to see the full picture, we must operate on both levels. We have to understand the constitutional framework of the relationship, and to see how this framework affects the feelings and behaviour of those within it.

The interaction is subtle and concealed, but it is the medium through which most social change occurs. For better or for worse, society develops because, in a sense, the official regulations are always out of date. They are framed to cope with the exigencies of a particular situation, but by their very coming into existence they create a new situation. Fresh ideas and needs arise, and eventually further regulations will be required to catch up with conditions brought about by the last ones. This constant interplay between the formal expression of a human situation and its dynamic actuality, corresponds to the connection between an individual's role in society and his emotional response to that role. Unless we are able to analyse these interactions we shall be completely at sea in trying to understand shifts of attitude and policy in home, or state, or factory.

It was probably outside Professor Richardson's brief to discuss undercurrents which are primarily the concern of the sociologist or psychologist, but there are a number of situations on which he might have touched more expansively. For example, it would have been well worth dilating on the often painful position of the foreman, who, by having accepted promotion, puts himself in another camp from his work-mates, becoming a kind of managerial scape-goat, suspected by his friends, but by no means one of the bosses.

Altogether, the writer fails to reveal vividly the complex variety of human relations which led, for example, to the widespread establishment of joint consultation procedures. He barely mentions the growing volume of work on this subject by industrial psychologists, who see worker participation as carrying into work-life the principles of good communication which are so vital in achieving what Freud maintained to be the ultimate criteria of health—happiness and efficiency.

One cannot expect everything, however. Professor Richardson could hardly be bettered as a sober and informative guide through the jungle of protocol, enactment and regulation, although he leads us more as a geographer who knows the contours of the land than as an anthropologist describing its inhabitants.

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INTRODUCTIONS

Constable Sketches. Introduction by JONATHAN MAYNE. *Faber.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

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The Drawings of Piranesi. By HYLTON THOMAS. *Faber.* 42*s.*

Sir Thomas Lawrence. By KENNETH GARLICK. *Routledge.* 52*s.* 6*d.*

The album of sketches by Constable is as good as anything that the Faber Gallery has done. The plates, for a start, are hardly smaller than the originals. Perhaps this is an essential condition: reviewers, at least, would be happier if reproduction in colour was never attempted of more than the details of big pictures. The originals here are very small and the result approaches facsimile: it is sometimes, a little disturbingly, almost as if the encrusted paper of the actual sketch lay before one on the buff page of the book. Mr. Mayne provides exactly what is needed. He has covered the ground well before, of course, but it is a matter of experience that familiarity makes a task like this no easier. His essay and notes are the best available introduction to Constable and the most balanced. It might be thought almost too balanced to do justice to one aspect of the painter, the sharp and bitter side which Leslie was apt to leave out—Mr. Mayne scouts the romantic exaggerations of recent critics (among them, I think, the present reviewer). He remarks on the danger of deifying the "natural painter" into a sentimental myth, but the use which he proceeds to make of Constable's phrase makes one wonder, without the least thought of retaliation, if he knows what it means. Hazlitt wrote of Kean as a *natural* actor: the word in fact meant, so does the economy of language deteriorate, neither more nor less than "naturalistic."

The Phaidon volume on Japanese prints, though pleasant enough, is an indifferent example of the difficult art of introduction. When all is said and done it remains uncertain whether the attempt to see the art of another culture through the eyes for which it was intended is ever successful. What are we to make, for example, even of the subject-matter of Japanese prints? The very character of the presentation eludes one. Often, quite clearly, it is romantic, ironical, picturesque and allegorical, all at once. But even if these references held the same meaning as they do in a European context, we could hardly grasp them in subtle combination as a natural language, still less follow the artist into the regions of which these elements are no more than the beginning. Mr. Hillier attempts much but it was not to be expected that he could in this sense carry us far, and he does not. He is handicapped by plates which are soft where the originals are sharp, and by colour which everywhere lacks the last degree of clarity which alone would evoke the real print. There was an alternative to this treatment. It would have been possible, and very rewarding, to introduce the reader to *what Europe sees* in Japanese prints, with the aid of a few comparative illustrations of European painting between Manet and the present . . . it may be that whatever his aims, however refined his connoisseurship, the European critic can do little else.

The El Greco was one of the best of the pre-war Phaidon issues: it is a measure of the improvement of standards that, as a popular introduction, it no longer seems quite adequate. Readers are now accustomed to more information than these notes give, and so many school-pieces and copies adulterate the impression needlessly. Moreover, the gravure plates lack the brilliance that El Greco requires: comparison with the half-tone version of one of them on the wrapper is enough to show how much is lost.

In the belief that information about pictorial techniques will be helpful to uninformed laymen and "certain of those who profess and call themselves art historians," Mr. Constable has written a popular summary of knowledge of the subject. No single work covers the whole field more readably, and students preparing for elementary examinations will find the book of use. Art historians of any kind, and laymen who know Mr. Constable's professional standing, will, however, be mystified and vexed. It is not only the lack of anything not easily available from well-known sources that is surprising, but the amount of inaccuracy. The account of the *camera lucida* is incorrect. The origin of the portable apparatus for outdoor sketching, post-dated by a century, goes back at least to the seventeenth century and Desportes (a fact which also, in his reference to the subject, escapes Mr. Mayne). The map in Vermeer's *Studio* is not of Holland, nor is it reversed; it is a normal map of the Seventeen Provinces oriented in the current fashion to its lower edge. The *Studio* could not have been painted with any arrangement of mirrors from the position of the artist shown in it. Much more in the book might have been better discussed and illustrated; it is an unhappy surprise that an excellent project in such good hands should not have resulted in a book of permanent value.

The books on Piranesi and Lawrence are by no means introductory. Both are excellent; possibly the specialist has not altogether the more difficult task. Mr. Thomas's study will be welcomed by those who, unlike the present writer, care greatly for his hero. And not perhaps only by them; recent books and exhibitions have demonstrated that there are other reasons for liking Old Master Drawings than a love of drawing; they appeal also to those with a taste for historical evidence, or for the chaste decorativeness of graphic media, or for solid and portable securities. Piranesi's drawings are satisfactory in all these respects, but one is left with a nostalgia for the ages of discovery when the element of terror in violent pictorial recession was still new and moving. In the eighteenth century perspective had become a kind of trapeze on which any capable performer could swing breath takingly at will; artists who manufacture hells by design can rarely (as there

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★
LONGMANS

is now more material to show) meet the bill. Lawrence is not a fashionable painter; it is likeable that he himself did not expect to remain so. The plates here are perhaps just good enough to remind one that often, under the picture-making and the shining pigment, there is a generosity, and even a candour, which endures. Mr. Garlick is one of the scholars who are now giving the totems of the national school the exact historical and critical treatment which they deserve. The process does not often yield æsthetic surprises, but it is indispensable none the less.

LAWRENCE GOWING

NEW NOVELS

Only Fade Away. By BRUCE MARSHALL. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Bridge of Fire. By DENIS GODFREY. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Diplomatic Conclusions. By ROGER PEYREFITTE. *Thames & Hudson.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

A week of writers in uniform. Mr. Marshall, strapping on his Sam Browne and shaking the camphor out of his British warm, has given us a tragi-comedy of life in the Regular Army. M. Peyrefitte has hooked himself once again into the gold braid of the *Carrière* and embarked on a final and shattering exposure of the Quai d'Orsay. His wit, his salaciousness, his monkey high spirits have lost none of their bite. Mr. Denis Godfrey has changed into a bush jacket.

As entertainment *Only Fade Away* wins by a good many lengths. Mr. Marshall is never less than supremely readable and his worst fault as a writer is that he knows this all too well. He never minds showing his readers how the wheels go round, he accords us none of that courteous deprecation that the great entertainers, Mr. Maugham say, know so well how to assume. He never flatters us by catching at our lapels, his style merely intimates briskly: "This is a good yarn, take it or leave it." It is and we do.

Strang Nairne Methuen, an officer and gentleman in the best sense, derives from the faithful Dobbin and is first cousin to Guy Crouchback, the hero of Mr. Waugh's *Men at Arms*, but whereas Crouchback was a Papist, Methuen is a Scottish Episcopalian. He believes in the Shorter Catechism and the Many-Splendoured Thing and he goes through life taking one rap after another largely because his beliefs lead him to fall foul of the biggest cad in the Army list. His marriage is cuckolded, his career is ruined, he falsely acquires a reputation for cowardice. Again and again the world takes a slap at him, and each time he comes back masochistically for more. The reader's critical sense narrows down to trying to anticipate what fresh torment the writer can possibly devise for his hero.

Flashback headlines—"Jim Mollison and Amy Johnson were flying Atlantics, Gilt-edged were Buoyant, Herr Hitler was Cautious"—suggest the passage of time and Mr. Marshall ladles out the military atmosphere all too liberally, flourishing his swagger-stick in much the same way as Mr. Coward hoists the White Ensign whenever he gets on the captain's bridge.

> He tried to forget his worry by talking to the gaping runners.
>
> "Dunkirk?" he asked a ruddy boy with the dark blue, red and light blue ribbon.
>
> "Naw, surr. Three months in a theetur of war, surr."
>
> They hadn't made that mistake last time, Methuen thought. Mons was for ever Mons if only because of the rosette. How could the glory last when they muddled up the escutcheons?

Even in the worst moments of 1940 I can't believe that any officer of His Majesty's Forces ever apostrophised a drunken corporal as "You horrible little swashbuckling R.A.S.C. pirate."

Mr. Marshall's plot is far too melodramatically contrived and his hero is a shade fabricated. Yet his book remains a spankingly funny satire on Army life and I can warmly recommend it to all those readers who are undepressed by the idea of a good novelist taking the easy way out.

The Bridge of Fire is concerned with the conscript's war, more particularly with an isolated R.A.F. airstrip in Ceylon some time between 1945–6. The war in Europe is ending and the great Asian offensive is in train. The Old Stagers—men who have done three years or more on the island after serving farther east and withdrawing from Burma—are going cheerfully and matily "round the bend" together. Discipline is slack, everyone has got himself "organised" as comfortably as possible. To the Old Stagers the "Moon Men" or new drafts sent out from home are a disturbing intrusion. The arrival of fifty Waafs is even more resented.

Out of this rather woolly situation Mr. Godfrey has written an intelligent and sincere novel which does not, however, escape being mawkish. I must confess I took a scunner at Corporal Clive Farran, one of those depressingly sensitive combatants that no fictional Naafi seems to be without. Clive works in the airstrip Met. room where a note of niminy-piminy shrilliness prevails.

> For a minute or two Freestone paced the floor, gnawing a finger nail, in an advanced state obviously of pre-briefing nerves. Then he began again: "Look, Clive old man, be a sport . . . Hop down to Signals again and see what's up. Tell 'em we must have that Australian broadcast. This bloody kite's going there tomorrow. I need those Stations for my forecast."
>
> This sort of thing had to be nipped in the bud. Clive put down his pencil. "Now look here, Cyril, we've had this before. And always these damned Australian Stations. I tell you I've been to Signals and they're listening. When the broadcast comes in we'll get it and not before." He picked up his pencil again. "And please don't walk up and down, it makes me nervous. Why not sit in your own office until the chart's ready?"
>
> To all of this, moodily, Freestone duly listened, then turned and went. The door to the small inner office, the Forecaster's Room, closed on him, but was presently reopened: "Clive!"
>
> "What now?"
>
> "Clive . . . I'm not complaining, but there are times, especially before an important briefing, when I do think I'm entitled to a *little* more co-operation." And again, softly this time, reproachfully, the door closed.
>
> Danby, of course, could hardly believe his ears. "Do you always talk to the Met. Officer like that?"

Frankly, as one who himself served in Ceylon for a time during the war, I found much of Mr. Godfrey's book overstrained and hard to credit. But it remains an interesting and lively account of a military backwater in World War II.

Finally we have M. Peyrefitte, thumbing his nose for the last time at French diplomacy. This book is admirably translated by Mr. Edward Hyams from *La Fin des Ambassades* which appeared in Paris last year. Oddly enough, it is no more successful in English than its predecessor. The fact is that M. Peyrefitte's apparatus—the jokes, the malice, the cliquey digs, the grimaces—just don't bear repetition in another language. For all his deftness, Mr. Hyams can only give us an approximate Peyrefitte and the result is like leaving a *soufflé* to cool on the sideboard.

The book has another drawback. We are no longer on neutral ground among the pre-war Athenian embassies but in 1940 and on occupied French soil. And somehow, in a vanquished France, M. Peyrefitte's high spirits grate on the reader. In the original, the book just succeeds; here, I can't help feeling, it fails. Comedy, M. Peyrefitte tells us early on in the novel, never loses its rights over us. But there are surely times when comedy, unless it rises to the height of its argument—Aristophanes's *Peace* or *Lysistrata*—does lose its rights. Reading this book, I was reminded of Matthew Arnold's comment: "The French—well, we know the French. A little more Biblism would do them no harm." I think M. Peyrefitte could do with a little more Biblism. Unlike Giraudoux, his master, he cannot be trusted to use his own fastidiousness.

JOHN RAYMOND

SHORTER REVIEWS

Life So Far. By WILSON HARRIS. *Cape.* 21*s.*

Much to his disgust Wilson Harris, who was Editor of *The Spectator* for over twenty years, was involuntarily retired at the age of sixty-nine. This was the second blow. He had been deprived of his Parliamentary seat for Cambridge University by the Labour Government, which, in its passion for equality, disregarded the merits of individual university M.P.s. Its ideological enthusiasm was no doubt stimulated by a desire to deprive the Tories of a dozen safely anti-Labour seats. Wilson Harris tells us in his autobiography how he reached these positions. His first pages about his origins and upbringing in Cornwall retain the unexpected, dry humour which was one of his biggest assets in the House of Commons. This quality becomes rarer as the book goes on to deal with his early period as a schoolmaster, his experiences as a leader writer on the *News Chronicle*, and as a colleague of Lord Robert Cecil, Gilbert Murray and others in promoting the League of Nations. He lists the innumerable conferences he attended in the Twenties. Unfortunately he seems not to have kept many letters or diaries, and he has no gift for swift and revealing portraiture. Only occasionally is he able, when mentioning famous men whom he knew, to add something vivid and useful to the accepted version. In company with many others he came near to hero-worship in the case of Nansen.

In his last pages Wilson Harris well displays the qualities of his mind. He is, in general, a conventional man, not troubled with original or daring ideas. But every now and again he surprises conventional people by stepping off the middle of the road and having, as it were, a little flutter of his own. He is a Conservative with some Liberal views, or a Liberal with Conservative prejudices. He believes that journalism should be everything that the popular papers have ceased to be, but thinks them, on balance, a good thing. He attends the Church of England, but holds views completely incompatible with its tenets. In short, he is a highly respectable representative of the middle class who retains the Puritan tradition of not feeling comfortable if he *always* keeps in step.

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THIS MONTH: BORDEAUX FESTIVAL

Roman Imperial Money. By MICHAEL GRANT. *Nelson.* 50*s.*

We care so little about the inscriptions on our coins that we leave them in Latin; or is this perhaps to make people think how august and reliable are the "they" who supply them? The Romans, however, looked at their coins and read them. This is the likely explanation of the fact that the emperors sometimes issued several different types of the same denomination from the same mint in a single year. In an age that lacked official communication coins were used, and the best artists hired to make them effective, to convey policy or to establish a new facet of the virtue and goodwill of the emperor. Further, the Romans were devoted to the view that a coin is worth its weight in metal. In their dislike of token coinage they were often short of small change. Julius Cæsar found a solution by minting orichalcum, an alloy which, like naval buttons, looked good and stayed bright. But the story of their gold and silver coins is a precise comment on economic decline, gradual at first and then by leaps and bounds—they found war too expensive.

Professor Grant is a distinguished Roman historian and President of the Royal Numismatic Society. His book is crammed with information from a thousand sources, illuminated with shafts of imagination. It is very fully illustrated with good photographs which bear the magnifying glass. Written primarily for historians who want to know how to evaluate the evidence from coins it will also be essential for collectors who specialise in this intricate and interesting period of numismatics.

Retire and Enjoy It. By CECIL CHISHOLM. *Phoenix House.* 15*s.*

This book is much more than the conscientious working out of a happy idea. The working out is done with such effortless thoroughness because its author so obviously wanted to do it, and he has overlooked no single aspect of a subject that is made highly topical by two doctrines working against each other today—the "carry on while you're still able" attitude of the Government and the "make room for the middle-aged unemployed" of the Trade Unions. Retire and enjoy it, says Mr. Chisholm, but prepare for some nasty shocks and the changed outlook necessitated by a reduced income. Have a plan of some sort; live where it costs less—and here is a comprehensive examination of eligible places, an excellent short guide to the shires; look after your health; earn some money in one or more of the forty-three perfectly feasible ways Mr. Chisholm describes; pick a hobby that you will enjoy; but never again enslave yourself to anything or anybody. Above all, five years before you leave the office for the last time (this book is mainly about retiring from offices), start "tapering off" your business or professional life and packing-in the spaces with new interests that improve with cultivation. Fight against self-absorption like the plague—loneliness is your own fault in a world with so much to do, and Mr. Chisholm has no sympathy with it.

The work of compiling such a book must have been considerable. A life-time's "general knowledge" is packed into its appendices of suitable towns, spare-time jobs and their rewards, hobbies and their apparatus, studies and their book-lists. The book is really an inspiration; no moderately healthy man or woman could read it and remain idle in "retirement." It follows that Mr. Chisholm has set down the formula for those (still an obstinate majority) who covet long life.

The Struggle for Kenya. By D. H. RAWCLIFFE. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Too often Mau Mau is represented by writers and politicians as a revolt of the Kikuyu against the necessary restraints of civilisation, a "reversion to his savage past" where once again he could revel in his primitive freedom to think and act as wildly as he chose. Mr. Rawcliffe wisely prefers a less weird explanation. The revolt, he finds, is not against "law and order," but against the arrogance and selfishness that lie at the root of the colour bar and the reservation of the White Highlands. The Kenya settler has not kept pace with the march of time. "The implications of the social and political ideas which have spread round the globe in the past thirty years" have left Kenya's Europeans untouched—a tragic instance of ignorance being anything but bliss.

Mr. Rawcliffe is a fair man and is anxious to give the settlers every benefit of the doubt; indeed, occasions are not lacking when he carries his sense of "objectivity" to the point of contradiction. Having rejected the settler "solutions" to the present troubles, he sometimes slips into the contradiction of echoing settler criticisms of the Government for not giving those "solutions" a firm enough and quick enough trial. Along with the settlers, he charges the Government with "complacency"—a term which in Kenya the settlers use to suggest reluctance to adopt ruthless, and often thoughtless, measures against the Kikuyu. Surely, from Mr. Rawcliffe's point of view, the fault of the Government lies in succumbing too much, rather than too little, to the pressure of the settlers? Again, on page 175 we are told that "it is an error to suppose that the economy of Kenya is still completely dependent upon its 4,000 White settlers. If the settlers were to leave tomorrow, the country's economic life would still function." A little later we are told that although they are not economically indispensable, "it would certainly not be in the Colony's interests to evict the settlers lock, stock and barrel," because "their economic value is beyond dispute" and, in fact, "vital."

Mr. Rawcliffe's main conclusions are indisputable, but he does not always lead up to them fully equipped. Perhaps because he wants to travel quickly, he prefers to travel light, with the result that he omits much that is significant. He is at his best when he discusses the White Highlands and their future. His analysis of the Troup Report and its implications is excellent, although he is almost certainly wrong in assuming that the Report will not be implemented. The settlers have set their heart on it—and there are now going to be two, instead of one, settler Ministers of Agriculture in Kenya.

Angelica. By ADELINE HARTCUP. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Angelica Kauffmann is now generally remembered by her classical vignettes encased in chaste incrustations of icing-sugar, which still decorate the walls and ceilings of rooms designed by the Adam brothers in the eighteenth century. The higher the ceiling, the prettier these creations look to the modern spectator, for her work does not stand up well to closer examination. In her own lifetime, however, Miss Kauffmann attained an international reputation as a serious artist: her style was approved by Sir Joshua Reynolds; she was a foundation member of the Royal Academy; and her portraits as well as her wishy-washy groups of mythological characters posed in antique attitudes, were in demand all over Europe. (She cannot, of course, be blamed for the weakness of her figure-drawing, since by the convention of the times she was never allowed to attend a life-class: her study of the nude was necessarily confined to the observation of statuary.)

Like many second-rate artists Angelica Kauffmann compensated for her lack of genius by assiduity in the practice of her profession; she was hardly ever away from her easel. For Miss Hartcup, who abjures art criticism and only wishes to write a straightforward biography, this is most unfortunate: there is so very little to write about. Angelica did not possess even an artistic temperament: she was a dutiful daughter and then a dutiful wife, and at all times a pious Roman Catholic. A single interruption to the uneventful tenour of her life can be recorded, when at the age of twenty-six she secretly married a bogus Count whom she was glad to be rid of within a few weeks at the cost of 300 hardly earned guineas. This marriage was pronounced null and void; but she subsequently married a staid elderly Italian, who was also interested in her money. She was a handsome woman and had many admirers, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Goethe among them; and she probably owed her success as a painter as much to her personal charm as her talent. But bygone charms defy recapture. Miss Hartcup applies all her sympathy to prove what a fascinating character Angelica must have been, yet the task is beyond her. Only the meagre outlines of Angelica Kauffmann's life can

be discerned today; and at this distance they give the same pretty, yet hazy, impression as that insipid handiwork of hers on the ceiling.

Roberta Cowell's Story. *Heinemann.* 10s. 6d.

Useless to search this book for pornography or medical detail. It is a readable account, with photographs, of a young airman and motor speed racer, who discovered after the war that he was developing the secondary physical characteristics of a woman, and decided, since he was psychologically troubled and confused, to complete the job. The most interesting part of the book is his discovery of the differences in behaviour and outlook expected of him when he became a woman.

The following novels have recently been reprinted. William Faulkner's *Sartoris* and *The Sound and the Fury* (Uniform edition, Chatto and Windus, 10s. 6d. each); the same author's *Pylon*, and S. M. C.'s *Brother Petroc's Return* (Phoenix Library, Chatto and Windus, 6s. and 3s 6d. respectively); Joyce Cary's *Prisoner of Grace* (Carfax edition, Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.); Forrest Reid's *The Retreat* (Faber, 12s. 6d.); Orwell's *Animal Farm* (illustrated by Joy Batchelor and John Halas, Secker and Warburg, 10s. 6d.). *Tales of Suspense* is a collection of Wilkie Collin's short stories made by Robert Ashley and Herbert van Thal and illustrated by Anne Scott (Folio Society, 18s.).

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,264

Set by R. K. Buchanan

The compasses of New Zealand ships, it appears, have recently been wavering violently between east, west and south. Now it has been officially explained that this is due to sailors' nylon shirts and underwear, for ships' compasses are allergic to synthetic fabrics. Competitors are invited to compose a sea-shanty introducing this theme. Limit 20 lines. Entries by May 25.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,261

Set by Lakon

It has been suggested that a wreath of fig-leaves should be laid on the grave of Dr. Bowdler whose centenary falls this year. The usual prizes are offered for twelve lines of a declamatory ode to mark the occasion.

Report by Lakon

Thanks to those competitors who insisted on facts. Several kept us in mind that Shakespeare and Gibbon were the only authors who actually went through Bowdler's washing-machine; and Pibwob came up with a nice piece of evidence from Swinburne—"No man ever did better service to Shakespeare than the man who made it possible to put him into the hands of intelligent and imaginative children." The subject inspired: hardly one entry but had its quotable felicity:

Lay on him fig leaves, whose fastidious mind
Blacked evil's front, but bared the good behind.
(Allan M. Laing)

Thomas, whose tireless scissors never gave in
When saving England from the Bard of Avon!
(D. R. Peddy)

Bowdler! that cut from Shakespeare's murky grove
The poison ivy of unhallowed love!
(G. J. Blundell)

Oh thou, who washed the Drama's dirty hands,
The Great Detergent of our literature—
(Edward Blishen—who then went round and round like a Launderette himself).

But now his spirit gazes down to bless
His new disciples in the Sunday Press
Who have abolished Sin (once our disgrace)
And put demure Misconduct in its place.
(Stephen H. Findlay)

Who made these writings fit for study, school?
Who but the worthy Bowdler!—(****** ****)
(Richard Pomfret)

Today your foes of Pubic wars
Their sorry Standards brandish
For after you the Deluge, and
No Orchids for Miss Blandish.
(J. P. Mullarky)

What now? Perchance at some Elysian desk
He zealously pursues a task grotesque,
And labours now upon a Holy Tome—
The Bible fit to read in every home!
(R. Hemington)

. . . Not least of all your debtors,
Those schoolboys, blessed with both editions, who,
By diligent collation of the two,
Traced with your aid those passages that marred
The writings of the Bard.
(Leslie Johnson)

And finally the inspired piece of McGonigallism with which Gene Grundt concluded his ode:

Of Dr. Bowdler of the purified pen:
Long will he live in the minds of men!
He purged Will Shakespeare clean, for the small;
And, by simply expurgating, raised the *Decline and Fall.*

First prize of two guineas each to Julian Mitchell and to Brian Brindley (and will the latter please let us know how to *declaim* asterisks?); a guinea each to Nancy Gunter and Alberick, both of whom remembered that an Ode is (*O.E.D.*) "normally of exalted style and enthusiastic tone."

FROM A DECLAMATORY ODE TO BEWAIL THE CENTENARY OF THE LATE AND MUCH LAMENTED AND VERY WORTHY DR. BOWDLER

Cut was the line that might have been misread;
Great Bowdler spoke, and Maidens' Blushes fled.
Thy fame, Great Censor! is for ever sung
By Hayes and Watkins tuned in unison.
The Chamberlain extolls thy lasting Praise
And Damns as Dirty all the latest Plays.
The vilest Pen was mightier than the sword
Till Bowdler's Scissors exorcised the Bawd.
The Trumpet, not the Strumpet, 's played in bed,
And Love now springs where Baser Instincts bred.
O thou, in life so close to cleanliness,
Thou must, in death, be next to Godliness!
JULIAN MITCHELL

O *Verecundia*, modest Muse, arise
O'er the cold, earthy b*d where *Bowdler* l**s;
Yet let not sorrow grieve the aching br**st,
That he so soon is taken to his rest;
Let those he p*rg'd the Doctor's praises speak:
Gibbon no more need fl*sh the v*rg*n cheek;
The Bard of *Avon's* cleans'd of moral specks
By cautious *Bowdler*, purest of his s*x.
Virtue his m*str*ss, *Art*, his *nt*m*te,
He tri'd to improve the Bible—but too late.
What he has censor'd, none would blush to tell;
Truth's better at the b*tt*m of the well.
BRIAN BRINDLEY

Hither ye Nymphs both virtuous and chaste,
Here BOWDLER lies and ye must deck his tomb
With wreaths that spread a solemn reverent gloom
Even as he; come then with tearful haste
Choose out with heedful eyes
The spoils of Nature which shall best display
His nature,—not
The lewd Forget-me-not,
Lad's-love or "Kiss me-quick," or Love that lies
A-bleeding or lurks evilly in mist
(As well ye wist!)
But Fig-leaves here as fitting symbols lay.
NANCY GUNTER

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE FOR THE CENTENERY OF DR. BOWDLER

Not here upon thy Tomb we lay
The Poet's laureate wreath,
The Warrior's bay
Or palm of Martyr's death;
But of broad fig-leaves twine a Coronal
To be thy chaste Memorial.
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Rash surgeon, from the Bard's immortal page
Cutting each tiniest growth of impropriety,
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CHESS: Attaboy!

No. 241

The boy's name is Christopher Thomas and, though he is no relation of Sir George, he seems to show some early promise of being inspired by his famous namesake. Here is a position which young Christopher (playing Black) reached in the youngest age-group (up to 12) of the recent Dupree Tournament for Portsmouth and Southsea boys. White had just played his QR to B1 and got the shock of his young life when Thomas countered Q-QB4. Obviously, there is nothing better for White than Q-B3, whereupon young Christopher swopped the rooks, grabbed the QRP and pushed his own QRP comfortably home. The position was submitted by the boy's teacher, our old ladder-hero C. Allen, and I am equally indebted to R. Russell, one of our Peterborough competitors, who sent in a position achieved by George Humm, a fellow-member of the local club (Diagram top left). Mr. Humm is blind and completely paralysed but that is no handicap to his prowess at Chess; here is a pretty King-hunt he indulged in the other day.

(1)	Q-Kt8 ch	(5) K-B6	Q-B5 ch
(2) K x Kt	R-Q6 ch	(6) K-K7	Q-Q3 ch
(3) K-Kt4	P-R4 ch	(7) K-K8	Q-Q1 mate
(4) K-Kt5	Q-K6 ch		

Yet another chessbook-token goes to C. H. Brown, who (playing Black in a correspondence game) clinched the issue like this:

(1)	Kt x B	(3) Q-Kt2	R-R8 ch
(2) R x Kt	Q-B6!	(4) Q x R	Q-R8 ch, etc.

A: J. W. Robson
1891

The 4-pointer for beginners is an instructive game-position. Black seemed hopelessly lost, but he managed to win the game in a few moves. How? **B**—White to win—is as home-made as at least one study ought to be in a "Readers' Own" week. It is Lommer's latest piece, and as subtle as any of his studies, hardly a bargain at 6 ladder-points. The author has dedicated it to Dr. A. Gibb. **C**—White to win—is one of Kubbel's masterpieces which won both the 1st and 2nd prize in a competition. It might be underrated with 7 points but for the helpful hint that White has to dodge a very clever stalemate trap.

B: Harold Lommer
1954

C: Leonid Kubbel
1925

Usual prizes. Entries by May 24.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 238. Set April 24

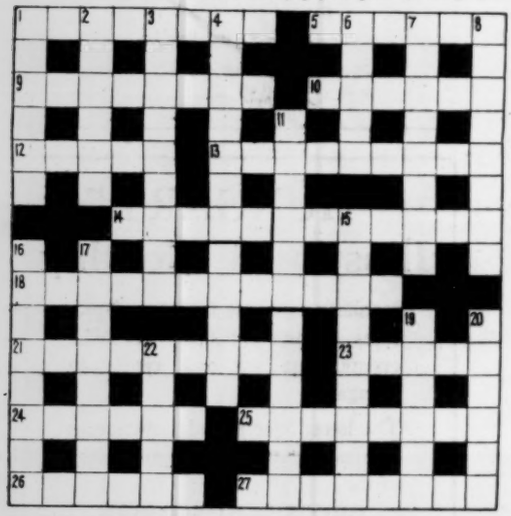
A: (1) . . Q-R3! (2) P-Kt4, Q x RP. (3) B-K3, B x P! etc.
B: (1) K-Kt4, K-Kt1. (2) K-B5, K-B2 (B1). (3) K-Q6, K-K1. (4) P-B5, K-Q1. (5) P-B6, P x P stalemate.
C: (1) P-B6!, B-K5 ch. (2) P-B3!, B x P ch. (3) K-R2!, P x P. (4) P-R6, P-B4. (5) K-Kt3, B-R8 (K5). (6) K-R4!, K-Kt2. (7) B-K5 ch, K any. (8) B-Q4! etc.
if (4) P-Q5. (5) K-Kt3, B-K5. (6) B-B5, P-Q6. (7) P-R7, P-Q7 (8) P queens, P queens. (9) Q-KB8 ch, etc.

Since **A** was a game position I considered it only fair to give full marks to numerous competitors who suggested alternative (though no less effective) roads to victory. As for **C**, not nearly as many competitors were stumped as I thought there might be. There were, in fact, dozens of correct solutions. Prizes shared by H. Brachfeld (a Belgian competitor), E. W. Carmichael, A. E. Harris, M. M. Kennedy and T. J. Simmonds, one of our nonagenarian competitors.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 100

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 100, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on May 25



ACROSS

1. A short distance before the headland is a dangerous rock (8).
5. The East goes in crowds for this river (6).
9. In addition the team stages a comeback after a very quiet finish (8).
10. Hiding place for secrets, but not hearts (6).
12. Make one with vermin in the middle (5).
13. Plant which shoots underground? (9).
14. Suitable drinks for the court? (5, 7).
18. Comprehensive representation started by a Christian school? (12).
21. Make the note emphatic, heading it with a statesman's name (9).
23. Vote solidly for the round (5).
24. They often crop up in rows and cause tears (6).
25. Those who play with words have a saint among their betters (8).
26. Persian who was the ruin of Sparta (6).
27. Might they be prepared as sedatives? Yes and no (8).

DOWN

1. An early bird? Yet the sun was too hot for him (6).
2. Choose one in two hundred for an oriental language (6).
3. The gathering weeps about one gone astray (9).
4. Not Commonwealth property? (7, 5).
6. Permit. Without it the inexperienced would be caught (5).
7. A town with a glorious ending (8).
8. A tiny examination is almost the most attractive to the taste (8).
11. Trust part of the newspaper for a favourable account (6, 6).
15. Those who are get quick returns (9).
16. If the cutters are wrecked, I cross in a ship (8).
17. Absent in word, its appearance is not variegated (8).
19. It will be necessary in any future entertaining (6).
20. Starts for resorts before writing (6).
22. Death comes in the middle of the prisoner's place (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 98

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 98

Miss E. O. Comber (Penzance), E. W. Sudale (Middlesbrough), John R. McLaren (Salisbury).

SUMMER SCHOOLS

FABIAN Summer Schools: July 31/August 7 Beatrice Webb House, Dorking; August 14/21 Frensham Heights, Farnham. Speakers include: Mark Abrams, Walter Allen, Arthur Blenkinsop, M.P., Anthony Crosland, M.P., Hugh Dalton, M.P., George Darling, M.P., H. D. Hughes, Roy Jenkins, M.P., John Parker, M.P., Sir Frank Soskice, M.P., Mary Stewart, Michael Stewart, M.P., Brinley Thomas, Ronald Williams, M.P. Details from 11, Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

SOCIAL Anthropology: Progressive League Conference, Whitsun, June 4/7, Lodge Hill, Pulborough, Sussex. Chair, Dr. P. Stirling. K. C. Rosser: Politics and Status in Primitive and Western Society; R. M. Berndt: Social and Cultural Change; H. A. Powell: The Family in Social Structure; and Film: The Trobiand Islanders; E. M. Mendelson: The Individual and Society in Primitive Religion; D. Mitchell: An Anthropological Approach to Rural Problems; Brains Trust. Fee: £3 17s. 6d. Double and treble rooms only. Apply to Miss M. MacNamara (P.L.), 54 Leinster Square, W.2.

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UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. The Senate will shortly proceed to the appointment to the Chair of Physiology which becomes vacant on the retirement of the present occupant, Professor F. S. Cotton. Salary will be at the rate of £A2,500 per annum. There is a normal retirement provision under the Professorial Superannuation Scheme, and, in addition, a pension of not less than £A400 per annum upon retirement after the age of sixty years. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is June 30, 1954.

SENIOR Branch of the Foreign Service. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for 5 posts in Grade 8/9 (Second/Third Secretary) of the Senior Branch of the Foreign Service. Age at least 20 and under 32 on August 1, 1954. Candidates must normally have obtained a University degree with at least 2nd class honours, but exceptionally a candidate without this requirement may be considered if he has an outstanding record in some other field of activity. Sound knowledge required of international problems. Evidence of a capacity to learn languages is essential, and there may be an oral test in a modern language. Salary scales including extra duty allowance, where payable: Grade 9 £507 to £691 (men); £685 (women). At the end of two years' actual service, or on completion of probation, if later, a special increase of £50 is payable within the maximum of the scale. Grade 8 £750-£923 (men); £718-£810 (women). For further particulars (including prospects) and application forms, write to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1., quoting No. 4319/54. Completed applications must be received by May 27, 1954.

THE University of Southampton. A Research Assistant in the Department of Economics, for research into productivity of certain industrial firms. Salary £400-£450. Duties to commence September 13 or as soon thereafter as possible. Applications (3 copies), together with names of three referees, should be sent to the Secretary and Registrar, University of Southampton, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

COUNTY Council of the West Riding of Yorkshire. Bretton Hall Training College for Teachers of Music, Art and Drama. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in English (man or woman). Candidates should have good teaching experience; interest in the special problems of Secondary Schools other than Grammar Schools is desirable. Candidates should be able to take up the post by September 1, 1954. Further particulars can be obtained from the Principal, Bretton Hall, Nr. Wakefield, to whom application (no forms) should be returned at once.

LONDON County Council. Woodberry Down School, Stoke Newington, N.4. Headmaster or Headmistress required for this new comprehensive school for about 1,250 boys and girls to be opened in September, 1955. Appointment may take effect from January, 1955, for purpose of preliminary planning. Initially the school will be in Burnham Group 19 (head's allowance £800 (man); £705 (woman.)) Burnham grouping may be larger when advanced courses are fully developed. The school will be filled at the outset by pupils from the Woodberry Down housing estate and the neighbouring residential area and by the transfer of a secondary school providing a five-year course. Courses of various kinds and lengths will be provided, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education (ordinary, advanced and scholarship levels) and some leading to advanced courses in commerce, engineering and needlecraft. There will be a deputy head with a substantial allowance and ample provision for other posts of special responsibility. The head will have adequate administrative and secretarial assistance. A person of high academic qualifications, organising ability, wide experience and a strong interest in the whole field of secondary education is looked for. Apply on Form BO/TS10/Woodberry Down, obtainable from the Education Officer (BO/TS10), County Hall, S.E.1. (Candidates who have recently completed a similar form may apply on form BO/TS10B.) Closing date May 26, 1954. (552)

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required. Must hold approved Mental Health Certificate. Salary £470 (at age 27), rising to £560 per annum plus London Weighting. Possession of car would be an advantage. Write, giving full details of age, experience, qualifications and names of three referees, to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Closing date 14 days after appearance of this advertisement.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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ROYAL Technical College, Salford. Principal: P. F. R. Venables, Ph.D., B.Sc., F.R.I.C. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for the following post: Senior Lecturer in Social Studies to plan and introduce such studies into Degree and Higher Diploma Courses. The post will date from September 1, 1954. The salary will be in accordance with the Burnham Technical Scale which is at present for Senior Lecturers: £1,040 by £25 to £1,190. Application forms and further particulars, which cover several new developments, offer scope for initiative, from the Principal, Royal Technical College, Peel Park, Salford 5, to whom they should be returned by not later than May 29, 1954.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited from graduates in the field of social studies with research experience for a post of Lecturer in the School of Social Studies to begin duties on July 1, 1954, or as soon thereafter as possible. Salary scale £550×50—1,100, with F.S.S.U. provision and family allowance. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars should be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications (4 copies) should be sent by June 1, 1954.

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OXFORDSHIRE County Council.—Resident Foster Father required at Ashhurst House, Children's Home, Shillingford (18 children aged 5 to 15 years). Training or experience in Child Care or in Child Education will be an advantage. Salary in accordance with qualifications and the National Joint Council Scale. Appointments superannuable and subject to medical examination. Application forms obtainable from County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford. Gerald Gale Burkitt, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Oxford.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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CITY of Leicester Children's Committee. Hostel for Working Girls, Leicester. Applications invited for the post of Matron at the above newly opened Hostel for 24 working girls. Candidates should be of good education and have had experience in dealing with adolescent girls, preferably in a residential capacity. This residential post is open to single or married women. Salary £341 × £15 —£386 p.a. plus emoluments valued £209 p.a. Application forms and further particulars from Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester, to whom they should be returned by May 29, 1954.

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THE London Labour Party invites applications for the post of Secretarial Assistant (Male). Applicants must be members of the Labour Party with knowledge of its constitution. Experience essential in the keeping of accounts, office organisation, correspondence and the drafting of minutes and reports. Salary according to Trade Union practice. Apply by letter only with recent testimonials or refs., to Secretary, London Labour Party, 258 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1.

CALDECOTT Community. Wanted Housemistress, not under 25 years of age, for small group of girls between the ages of 11-15. Must be interested in the problems of disturbed and deprived adolescents, and willing to take active part in the life of the Community. Salary according to experience. Apply Miss Rendel, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

RUDOLF Steiner Home for backward children, Worcestershire, has vacancies for young Assistant Housekeeper and Assistant Cook, both resident. Congenial work, happy atmosphere, opportunities for cultural life, beautiful surroundings. Apply Box 7991.

LONDON Printing Contractors require Representative with established connections. Fullest support to right person. Terms by arrangement. Write in confidence to Box 876, c/o Froud's Advertising, 4 Holborn Place, London, W.C.1.

TRAVEL Agency (London) has vacancy for well-educated young woman in their Enquiry & Booking Office. Knowledge of Continent and some shorthand essential. Interesting permanent position. Write Box N.N.721, c/o 191 Gresham House, E.C.2.

ACME Agency for perm. and temp. office jobs. No Fees. 4 Blenheim St., Bond St., W.1 (1st right Oxford St. end). GRO. 4577.

OVERSEAS Jobs—excellent rate of pay. Write for particulars of our guaranteed Job List. Universal Vacancies, 28 Hillgate Street, London, W.8.

ATTRAC. vacs. office staff. No fees. Savoy Agency, 489 Oxford St. MAY 6421.

TRANSLATORS and Interpreters required, all languages. State experience, qualifications, availability, and whether possessing typewriter and telephone. Good prospects. Write Box 8089.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—cont. on p. 646

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COMPETENT sh./typist required, a well-educated beginner with good speeds would be considered. Salary according to age & exp. Apply immed. to Institute of Hospital Administrators, 75 Portland Pl., W.1.

FULL-time Girls' Club Leader required for Jewish Youth Centre, N.E. London. Experience desirable, but personality and sense of vocation considered more important. Salary £300 p.a. Box 7878.

ASSISTANT Housekeeper, British birth, age 35 to 55, experience home nursing, to help in general house duties and care of elderly residents in Hampstead hostel; salary £4 p.w. plus food and lodging. Write full particulars of past employment to Box 7822.

SENIOR shorthand-typist for interesting work in national daily newspaper office. Write Box 8069.

WANTED urgently, energet. respons. woman, any age, to look after girls 3 (nurs. sch. morns.) & 1½, for wkg. parents. Live in wkdays. 8.30-6, Stanmore. Box 8141.

CONTINENTAL maids. Alliance Dom. Agency, 44 Tooting High St. BAL. 8181.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and shorthand typists wanted for temporary work on our Emergency Staff; 10-5, no Sats. Introductions to good permanent posts without fee. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, Mus. 7379.

ALL Office Staff supplied and wanted. CHA. 8471. Holborn Secretarial Agency, 4 Holborn Place, W.C.1. No fees staff.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting: duplicating TRAfalgar 9090.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MAN (30) stagnating in Govt. Office desires post on Merseyside demanding initiative, integrity and intelligence. Hard work and responsibility welcomed. Box 7896.

COMPETENT forward-looking Indian Grad. (26); resid. Engl.; varied exp. public & commercial empl., sks. post. Box 7976.

YOUNG Indian Barrister, experienced in sales, returning home, seeks part-time employment in Calcutta. Box 7948.

CAN you use the skilled services of a youngish woman who has held first-class jobs as secretary and assistant. Appearance and capabilities match jobs held. Anything worthwhile—but money important too. Box 7901.

GERMAN/English shorthand-typist, bookkeeper, reliable, reqs. post. Box 7945.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC 1765/MOU. 1701.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

SECRETARY would like interesting work 2/3 evenings weekly. Box 7973.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

A JUNE holiday in Britain's "finest" climate (town claim, informative brochures free). 5½—7½*gns.*, incl. full board, early tea, gratuities, fresh fruit dly. Slumberlands; h & c. Two comfortable lounges. No lift. Meat/vegetarian. Rec. by readers. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best pos. 3-mile prom., between pier and sun-lounge orchestra. Own beach tent opposite. Beautiful unspoilt downs and country nearby. Telephone Hastings 4784.

B. & B. Guides to Devon and Cornwall/Kent and Sussex. Inns, Farms, Guest Houses, etc., 1*s.* 5*d.* each post paid from N. Herald, 3 Teevan Rd., Croydon.

MOXLEY Country Club, Holmbury Hill, Surrey. Booking now for Whitsun (min 3 days) & w/ends, 35*s.* dly. Anglo-French cuisine. Tennis, ping pong, TV. Abinger 2177.

DORSET, Old Pump Cottage, Shaftesbury; thatched, simple; centre tours, lovely walks; good ckg; 5½-7*gns.* Miss English.

WESTON-Super-Mare, overlooking sea front. Special terms for May only £3 15*s.* Lugano, Upper Church Rd.

BUCKS. "Tapping House" Hotel, Great Missenden. A charming XVIIth-cent. house in the lovely Chiltern Hills, just 1 hr. from London. Noted specially for absolute comfort, excellent food and warmth. All bedrooms h. & c. and cent. heated. Tel. 516.

BETWS-y-Coed District. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort; continental cooking. From 7*gns.* Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

OLD Sussex Village. Comfortable accom. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Riding stables attached; 5*gns.* wk. Summer 6*gns.* Robertsbridge 148.

SYGUN Fawr, Beddgelert, North Wales. Perfect centre for inexpensive mountain holidays. Details: Paul and Beryl Work.

BURNHAM Beeches, Bucks. Homely cottage accommodation for hikers, cyclists. Terms moderate. Box 7256.

DO you seek a stay in attractive cottage with garden, beautiful walks and Continental food? You find it 40 miles from London, 6*gns.* p.w. 6½*gns.* July-Sept. Sunset Cottage, Clovelly Rd., Hindhead. Tel. 548.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

RECUPERATION at Higham Health Centre in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 126.

SWANAGE. Vegetarian Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well cooked, well served. Own produce, garage and parking. No extras. 5-7½*gns.* St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac (old-world fishing village), Carn Haven Guest House. H. & c. bedrooms. Farm prod. 5½-7*gns.* Tel. 286.

BRIGHTON. Keehan's Hotel, Regency Square (facing West Pier). H. & C. Slumberland beds. Full board from 5*gns.*

FARM Holidays—The Guide that describes "Britain's Best Farmhouses." Pages of Pictures, 3*s.* 2*d.* post free. Farm Guide, 49 Broomlands, Paisley.

ROTTINGDEAN, Nr. Brighton. Famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, on the old-world Green. Friendly atmosphere, good food, sunny rooms. New, but already with a reputation. From 8*gns.* Brochure. Prop.: D. Chapman, M.P.

DEVON. Guesthouse acc. Fine posn. Min. sea. "Fontenaye." Combemartin 428.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book. 3*s.* 6*d.*, postage 3*d.* Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

LAKE District. Wastwater, Scafell, Eskdale, Seascale district. Table tennis, billiards, extensive grounds. Irton Hall Hotel (lic'd.), Holmrook, Cumberland. Tel. 42.

LAKES Charm. old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel. Ambleside 2334.

KESWICK - on - Derwentwater. Highfield Vegetarian Guesthouse, The Heads, amid beaut. lake & mntn. scenery, offers friendliness, comf., 1st cl. fd. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

FRESHWATER Bay, I.W. Dimbola, overlooking Bay Island, best during May/June. Write for brochure.

RYE: Simon-the-Pieman Tearooms, Lion St., receive guests. Tel. Rye 2207.

EDINBURGH. Accom. assured or secured all seasons. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. Central 4871.

FOR the country-lover: Herts-Essex border, 27 miles London. Ideal holiday, walking, cycling, motoring. Good food, home prod., lge. gdn. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

BYNE House Hotel, Warminster. A holiday in lovely Wiltshire, spacious accommodation with all amenities, secluded garden, good food, personal attention. Please write for brochure or telephone Warminster 2010.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Secluded walled garden. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artist's house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd., St. Ives.

PARC-Wollas, Mullion, C'wll, Nr. beach, bus; pleasant, mod. Vacancies June-July.

CORNWALL (South), near Mullion and Poldhu Coves. Wonderful coastal scenery, golf, sandy beaches. Pleasant homely holiday accommodation available June/July, write "Fircroft," Cury, Nr. Helston. Telephone Mullion 269.

BEXHILL.—Whitsun vacancies country house near sea. Own produce/poultry. Terms moderate. "The Thorne," Ninfield Rd., Bexhill-on-Sea (Ninfield 212).

PICTURESQUE Tudor Farmhouse, Dorset Village. Quiet, secluded, 2 mins. Salisbury-Weymouth bus. 2½ hrs. Waterloo to door. Comf. accom. Own produce. Personal serv. Cuisine of distinction. Parties & families welc. Manor Farmhouse, East Woodyates, Salisbury. A "chez Sebastien" Guest House.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Here is an hotel where you do what you like. It's friendly, comfortable and the food is excellent. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

THE Continental, St. Leonards-on-Sea, member Hastings Socialist Hoteliers' Assn., invites your patronage. (Illus. brochure.)

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside within reach Eastbourne. Good food. Comfy beds. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel. 32.

FRENCH Riviera, hols. charming villa nr. beaches, spacious grounds, all comf. B. & B. fr. 21*s.* day. Mrs. Vines, Cap d'Antibes.

WHEN in Florence stay Pensione Ichino, Piazza Pitti 14. Ideal for students, quiet, central, cheap.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel, beautiful quiet situation above sandy beach. Mod. comfs., 1st-class cuisine, own cabin cruiser. Casino, dancing. Red. rates to end June. Ill. broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

ACHILL Island: Mountain View Hotel, Dugort, Westport, Co. Mayo, Eire. Situated overlooking Blacksod Bay. Safe bathing, good catering. Terms £6 per week.

GOOD Food Club members recommend over 800 places throughout Britain which serve a good meal at a reasonable price, in the "Good Food Guide 1954." Revised and enlarged and still 5*s.* from all booksellers. Pub. Cassell & Co., 37 St. Andrew's Hill, E.C.4.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12*s.* 6*d.*/15*s.* 6*d.* B. & B., wkly terms arrg.

DIVAN-sitting room; c.h.w. Half-share kit. Close Heath. £2 approx. SPE. 2308.

LANCASTER Gate: share of modern centrally heated flat offered to lady. 'Phone in own room. (£3 incl.) Box 8001.

OXFORD graduate and wife, literary/musical interests, offer large sgle. room, ckg. facs. 47*s.* 6*d.* p.w. HAMpstead 8109.

JEWISH girl wanted to share flat N.W. London. Tel. Write Box 8021.

TO Let: 1 double, 1 single divan-rooms with breakfast. Jewish house. Own ckg. facs., other meals. MOU. 0314 after 7 p.m.

HIGHGATE, nr. Tube. Two pleasant bed-sitters with breakfast, evng. snack. Prof. family. 3*gns.* MOU. 9365.

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

WEST End. Charming room in spacious flat to let. Privacy, comfort, reasonable. Breakfast optional. Box 7997.

SHARE Hampstead flat offered yng. woman until Oct. £2 p.w. Box 8083.

N.W.8. Large B/S. Elec. cooking, next bath. Suit business woman. Quiet private house. H. & L. incl. 3½*gns.* MAI. 7868.

HAMPSTEAD S/C. gdn. flat avail. June 1-22. 4 divans. All con. PRI. 6140.

TO let tastefully furnished bed-sitting room N.W.3. Own cooking facilities. PRI. 2843 after 7 p.m., or Box 8071.

FURN. flat, large sitting-room, bedroom, kitchen-dining room, use bath. Couple or two friends. TUDor 6810.

ONE double, one single bed sit. room vacant. Suitable three students or business women. Bathroom and cooking facs. 3½*d.* fare from Bank, Piccadilly & Baker St. Box 8012.

FROM £2 2*s.* single, double from £3 10*s.* Splendid house, delightful divan-rooms (h. & c.). Bath. Breakfast optional. Telephone TUDor 6713.

TO let, two rooms together or separately, in s/c. flat, own kitchen and bathroom. Cent. heating. Ladies only. MEAdway 2648.

BEDROOM, h. & c., & large beautifully furn. living-rm., use kit.; couple or 2 ladies. 3gns. Garage avail. TUD. 7104.

LARGE furnished room overlooking river, Putney. H. & C. basin. All facilities for one person only £2 15*s.* per week. Box 7987.

NR. Richmond Pk., comf. b/sit. rm. quiet hse. Suit stud./bus. lady. Bath, c.h.w., tel., use kit., garden. 3 *gns.* p.w. Box 7956.

2 *gns.* week. In lovely garden. Wooden chalet for London holiday. ½ hr. Baker St. Sleep 4. Box 7994.

COLINDALE, 5 minutes Tube. Pleasant furnished room suitable student, teacher, etc. Garden. £2 p.w. or £3 part board. 103 Colindeep Lane, N.W.9.

FURNISHED comf. bedroom and kit.-dining room. All conveniences. STA. 6921.

COMF. dble. rm., private bath., cent. situated, available short period; suit visiting couple. 3 *gns.* p.w. CUN. 1329.

IN private family, Gloucester Rd., S.W.7. Prof. or business gent. Full board, light, heat, baths. 4 *gns.* p.w. Box 8105.

TO let nr. Putney Heath, Wimbledon Common, self-contained furn. 3-room flat, beautiful garden. 6*gns.* Box 8108.

ATTRACTIVELY furn. flat, 3 rooms. Practically s/c. Use bath, telephone. Close Tube, Finchley. TUDor 6820 aft. 6.30.

2 sgle. fur. rms. with lovely view over woods, h. & c., ckg. facs. 2*gns.* each p.w. Nr. buses/Tube. Refs. Tel. TUD. 9073.

TO let, single and double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

BRONDESBURY Park. Mod. Court, b/s. rm. overlkg. gdn., share kit., bath. £2 5*s.* Sgle. lady. WIL. 2073 evs./wk.-ends.

BUS. lady offers simil. comf. furn. rm. Bas. h. & c., ckg. facs. Share bathr. Mod. cons. Only tenant. Pref. long period. 3½*gns.* Nr. Bus/Tube. S. Kens. Box 8132.

RICHMOND or Kensington, charming div. rms., c.h.w., gdn., ckg. fac. PAR. 5367.

CORNWALL: Private caravan, 4-berth, beautiful sunny valley by sea cove. Dates vacant: June, July, Aug., Sept. Write terms, etc. Walters, Lamorna Cove, Penzance.

NEW Forest holiday accom., ckg. fac., also sgle. div./rm. for longer period. "Green Pastures," Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3*gns.* wk. Dble. 5*gns.* inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Resmt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel. 27 Philbeach Gardens. Earl's Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15*s.* daily.

FURNISHED Flat, 157a Kensington High St., for 4, self-contained 3rd floor, 7*gns.* wk. WES. 2211 (9-6).

MUSWELL Hill (near Highgate). Sunny two-roomed flat, furnished, exceptional view, own W.C. Lady only. Tudor 8160.

ONE-Roomed flatlet (3rd floor) near Westbourne Grove. Charmingly furn. Own meters. Ascot & light ckg. facils. Lady only. £2 wkly. Box 7741.

CUMBERLAND, Roman Wall Country. To let furnished one month August, riverside cottage, bathroom, Aga cooker; sleep 3/4. Mrs. Sawyer, Lanercost, Brampton.

PERIOD Cottage, one month August £35. 4 bedrms. Mod. cons. 2 acres, lovely view. Ideal children. Housekeeper available. Daily reach London. Canoe on Thames. Howell, Pearmans Grove, Shinfield, Reading.

CEYLON Doctor & wife req. 2/3-rmd. furn. flat, b. & k. Lond. area. Box 8093.

TWO perfect tenants, modestly solvent, seek pref. attic-type accom. around London: working Aldgate East. Would repair or adapt existing premises and pay rent annually or biennially in advance return minimum rent with max. security of tenure. Box 7844.

QUAKER couple, social workers, req. unfurn. accom., ckg. facils. London. Mid-Sept. Wld. baby-sit. Refs. exchd. Box 7817.

YOUNG doctor and wife urgently require unfurn. flat or house, within reasonable distance S.W.8 area. Box 8102.

YOUNG business couple require s/c furn. or unfurnished flat in Baker St. area. Reasonable rent. Box 7992.

UNIV. couple, bombed and now derequisitioned, urg. need unf. flat. Conversion, etc. paid; cottage consid. BM/PNTY, W.C.1.

REQUIRED by two quiet young gents., small furnished room Central London, suitable for study, to use occasional evenings and week-ends. Moderate rental. Box 8064.

NIGERIAN judge (wife, 2 boys) wishes rent furn. house/flat, London area, August and September. L. Mbanefo, Supreme Court, Warri, Nigeria.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

WINDMILL (Converted) for sale, Norfolk Coast, 7 bedrms., 2 lge. round living rooms, bathrm., mains—water & elec., small secluded garden, in reach of golf, sailing, bird sanctuary. Vac. possession. Mrs. Frances Cornford, 10 Millington Rd., Cambridge.

QUIET position on S. Essex estuary near yacht moorings: sm. cott., elec. & water. For sale, £1,100 or wd. let furn. Box 7793.

TUNBRIDGE Wells area. Trustees offer small attractive house for sale, residential or investment (Freehold). Hon. —, Southborough 732 after 6 p.m.

FOR Sale, N.1. Modernised hse., 3 self-cont. flats, entire vac. poss. Must be seen. First reas. offer accepted. Box 8011.

FOR Sale: Freehold. Helmdon, N'hants. Stone thatched cottage, south garden view, secluded, 2 bed., sit.-dining, kit.-bath., main wat., elec., cent. htg., main drainage soon. Tel. Space garage. Ideal teacher or ret. worker. £1,350 or offer. Box 7736.

FOR conversion nr. Tonbridge, 4 stables set in Castle grounds from £500-£800. Also 3 building plots, all services. Hadlow 322.

MISCELLANEOUS

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fiertag, Dept. N/N, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

WATCH Repairs by qual. experts. Written Gtee. Estimates free.—N.7 OSEV (Regd.), 6 Silver Cres., London, W.4. CHI. 0765.

PRINTING with personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Join now. Entrance fee waived until Sept. 15. Enquire new membership terms for married couples & students.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 1*s.* 6*d.* per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1*s.* extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

LECTURE COURSES, Etc.—cont. from p. 648

MANAGEMENT Studies. The School of Management Studies of the College of Commerce, Bristol, announces courses short and long (including a period in industry), commencing September, 1954. Prospectus showing details: St. George's Rd., Bristol, 1.

COURSES for London Univ. Entrance, Inter. and Degree Exams. (B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc. Econ., LL.B., etc.). Highly qualified Tutors; low fees, instalments. Pros. from Registrar, University Correspondence College, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

LANGUAGE Problem Solved. The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English; the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lessons, sent gratis, post free. (Reduced fees for H.M. Forces.) Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

THE Polyglot for Languages. Tuition, translations, typing in English and foreign languages. Private lessons, classes, all grades. Enrolments daily 1-10 p.m. 11 Charing Cross Road (near Leicester Square Station). TRA. 2044.

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial training for good posts at St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees, Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel.: PARk 8392).

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton: FLA. 7967 p.m.

COACHING Specialist for Com. Ent. in languages with long experience. Write: Tutor, 66 Limerston St., S.W.10.

ERIC de Peyer teaches the Alexander Method at 7 Wellington Square, S.W.3. (SLO. 3141.) Specially valuable for overtension, postural faults leading to back troubles & faulty breathing incl. asthma.

JULIAN Gardiner, Teacher of Singing. Voice production for singers, speakers, actors, stammerers. WES. 2366.

PERSONAL

PART-Time art lecturer, widow with 3 small children, offers home St. John's Wood in return for some help. Any suggestions discussed. Box 7756.

EXCHANGE holiday. Girl aged 17 would like holiday with French family where girl of similar age. Would arrange exchange holiday in London. Write Box 7687.

FRENCH Bank Manager wishes holiday exchange for his child aged 13. Seaside or country. Write—Jean de Mones, 10 Route Macornay, Lons-le-Saunier, Zura, France.

FLORENCE: modern flat to let, 4 rooms, month July. Magnificent position. 6*gns.* weekly. Box 7571.

MOTHER'S Help offers services exchange pocket money and language help. German student. Box 7783.

FAMILY P.G.s German children 11 years upwards and students require holiday homes. Box 7782.

EXCHANGE. Would theatre- or musically-minded person be interested exch. seaside or country home month August for attractive flat (sleep 2) best part Kensington, 2 mins. Gardens & Albert Hall? Box 7759.

YNG. man pref. with ocean exp. reqd. join 3 others cross-channel cruise sml. yacht, June 12-26. Exps. (low) shared. Box 8045.

RURAL independence offered June and July in exch. for getting children's tea week-days. Near London. Box 8080.

CAPABLE, intelligent woman, 45, seeks holiday post (pref. travel), six weeks from last week July. Highest refs. Box 7884.

YOUNG lady seeks another interested in finding and sharing flat, or with flat available. Interests almost everything, especially music. Box 7975.

OWNER (m.) A.40 Convertible going June 17, 3 weeks, Provence, French Swiss Alps, wants p.g. (m.) for second seat. Box 8128.

TUTOR (educ. Oxford and Continent) offers English conversation in exchange for French or German. London or nr. Box 7781.

YOUNG professional man, 29, seeks similar with ideas for sunshine, swimming holiday, July/August. Own car. Box 8024.

WILL countrywoman, Kent or Cotswolds, take University woman as occas. P.G.? Join rare wild flower hunts. Box 8088.

PERSONAL—continued

CAR leaving June 10 Spain touring holiday, 1-2 seats vacant. Return June 27. Expenses mutual arrangement. Box 7941.

STUD. (F.) Oxf. exhib., good gen. cert., sks. post coach/care child(ren) travelling Europe any period May-July. Box 7939.

YEARSLEY, 19 Ossington St., W.2. Lady will chauffeuse, preferably to Scotland, exchange part expenses fortnight's holiday.

FILM stories wanted, fiction only. Send synopsis only to Box 7904.

YOUNG married couple seek car transport to and from Greece, August, sharing expenses. Box 7895.

CAMBRIDGE graduate student, Engl. Lit., 25, desires travel Near East July-August, invites suggestions (car-owners encouraged and subsidised). Box 7746.

LANGUAGE teacher graduate French, German, Russian, Stenotyping English, French, German, wants situation au pair for July, August, September. Write Mrs. Lourie, c/o Bergé, 5 rue Lobineau, Paris (6e).

AMATEUR painter, no politics, taking car Provence/Languedoc 3 weeks July, needs companion share expenses. Box 8014.

SUNBATHING. A small camping club with sunbathing facilities invites new members, especially young couples. Ideal for genuine naturist campers, quiet and friendly. Membership 10*s.* a year. Watford/Rickmansworth area. Apply Box 7806.

BY car to Nice £15 return excl.; 6-day trip 8 days Nice £31 incl., S.A.E. Fothergill, 5 Nelson Rd., N.8.

YOUNG man (University grad.) sks. holiday companion (m.). Box 7745.

STUDIO, old Antibes, avail. now until June 23; quiet, 2 good beds. Box 7799.

SALZBURG: Englishwoman, 31, graduate, sks. similar, view hol. June/July. Explore, walk, swim, laze. Write Box 7801.

ACCOM. avail. for conference, maximum 60, July 31 to Aug. 7, 1954. Suitable for families. Lge. grounds. Easy access York, Leeds, Harrogate. Reasonable charge. Apply Bursar, Wennington School, Wetherby, Yorks.

BUSINESS proposition offd. to London office owner. State activities. Box 8010.

DUTCH woman seeks some weeks' hospitality, English family or woman, in exch. hospitality Amsterdam. London area. Apply No. 174,687, Bolrek Koningsplein 1, Amsterdam (Holland).

TEMP. staff reqd. for children's holiday camp (not tents), July 28-Sept. 15. Group leaders m. & f., matron's & domestic assistants & profess. cook. Children 5-16 yrs. welc. Odam Children's Farm, South Molton.

SWISS Cottage. Furnished office to let, afternoons and evenings, 30*s.* a week. Shorthand teacher preferred. Box 8028.

MOUNTAIN and lakeside holiday in Austria. A week each at 2 centres—Tyrol and Salzburg. Few vacs. in priv. party, many incl. excursions. All-in cost 33*gns.* Box 8047.

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PERSONAL—continued

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FLY this summer on an N.U.S. Holiday to Paris, Nice, Milan, Zurich, Barcelona, Palma, Copenhagen or Dusseldorf. Prices below 3rd class rail. Book now with National Union of Students Travel Department, Section NS, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

WE have vacancies for men on some of our parties: Verona, Vicenza, Venice and Lake Garda—15 days from July 17 or August 14, £44 17*s.* 6*d.* Rome, Naples, Sorrento—15-day tours on several dates, £43. Florence, Pisa, Isle of Elba—15 days, August, £44. Canoeing in Denmark—16 days, August, £32. Yugoslavia, Dalmatian Coast, etc.—several dates, £48. Fribourg Alps walking tour—15 days from Sept. 12, £35 10*s.* Swiss Jura, two centres, June, July, August, £34. Up the Rhine to Switzerland—July 9 and 23, 17 days, £53. Innsbruck, Salzburg, Vienna—16 days, July 17 or 31, £41. Austrian Tyrol 3-centre tour—16 days, July and August, £37 10*s.* Centre at Langenwang, Bavaria—15 days, July 25, Aug. 8, Aug. 22, £31 10*s.* Sketching party, Majorca—15 days from Aug. 15, £41 15*s.* Madrid, Seville, Granada—16 days, June, July or August, £48. Full programme from Ramblers' Association Services, 48 (Q2), Park Road, London, N.W.1.

LITTLE-known place Fr. Riviera (St. Tropez Gulf) offers good-food holiday, £1 dly. inc. Almost-private sandy beach. La Gabelle, beautfl. wooded camp, sleep tents or comf. chalets; open-air charm without luxury. Bagda, La Gabelle, St. Pons les Meures, Var, France, or 'phone HAM. 7348/PAD. 6826.

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AUSTRIA the En Famille Way. Why not join one of the special groups visiting our Austrian Host-Family Centre; or let us make individual arrangements for you to enjoy the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family? Meet and get to know the people of the country you visit. Illustrated Brochure: E.F.A., 20 Buckingham St., Strand, London, W.C.2. (TRA. 7246-8.)

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PERSONAL—continued

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YOUNG Continental paying guests require good homes where daughters and sons same ages, for summer. Please write details: Educational Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Road, S.W.7.

MAJORCA (Soller) July/Aug. vacancies; priv. house nr. sea; 4½*gns.* FLA. 8667.

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LAST Minute Continental Holidays. Not mass produced but individualsiy arranged. Choice of one or more centres from £29 14*s.* Business & Holiday Travel Ltd., 111 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Tel. WHitehall 4114/5.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues., Fri., 7.45, Sats. 6 & 8.30. "Red Roses for Me."

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.) St. Sun., 5 & 8. "The Sun Room." Mems.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391)—"Land of the Living," by Leonard Irwin, Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays, 7.30.

IRVING, Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Evgs., ex. Mn., 10.30, Fr. May 18. Intimate Revue.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury (near Islington Town Hall). Tavistock Rep. Tonight, Fri., May 14, Sat. 15, Sun. 16 (members), Fri. 21, Sat. 22, "Monsieur Perrichon Goes Abroad." First performance of Thomas Walton's new English version of the famous comedy by Eugène Labiche. Seats 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., all bookable. CAN. 5111 after 7.

PEGASUS Theatre Society presents "The Changeling," by Thomas Middleton, at Wyndham's Theatre on Sun., May 16, at 7.30. Tkts. 7s. 6d. to 15s. 6d. from 43 Victoria Rd., W.8. WES 1780. Mem. 1s.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until May 16: Raimu in "Strangers in the House" (A). From May 17: Harry Baur, Louis Jouvet in "Volpone" (A).

NAT. Film Th., Sth. Bk. WAT. 3232. Sat., May 15. Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller, "Pygmalion" (A). Dir. Anthony Asquith & Leslie Howard. 2, 4, 6, 8, Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Palace. ADV. 3520. Sun., May 16, 7.30. "Glinka" (U).

BALTIC Deputy. Great Soviet Film. Saturday, May 15, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Admission 2s 6d. (S.C.R. & students 2s.).

NEW China's Epic Film "White-Haired Girl." Hampstead Town Hall, Thurs., May 20, 7.30. 1s. 6d. Hampstead BCFA.

"BISKUPIN," a prehistoric Slav Lake Settlement. Film introduced by Professor V. G. Childe. Friday, May 14, 8 p.m. Polish Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1. Admission free.

GLENCOE Arts Club, Sailing Barge "Glencoe," The Hollows, Brentford (50 yds. above Kew Bridge). Poetry every Mon. 8 p.m. May 17: G. S. Fraser will read own work. Life Class every Sat., 2.30-4.30. Dancing every Thurs. & Sat. to Traditional Jazz.

I.C.A. Great Gala Evening. Sat. May 15, 8-12. Dancing to Dave Stevens Trio, special appearance well-known blues singer, Beryl Bryden. Members 5s., guests 7s. 6d. 17 Dover St., W.1. Membership invited.

VALLEY View Fellowship Camp presents its Summer Dance at Victoria Halls, Bloomsbury Square, Sat., May 15, 7.30 p.m.—11 p.m. Frank Howard and his Music with impressionist Benny England. Admission 6s.

J.A.C. Dance by Candlelight. Curtis Shelley & Sensational Clavioline. Candlelight Bar. Members and Friends. Wednesdays and Saturdays, 8 p.m. 1 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6 (Finchley Rd. Station). MAIda Vale 9457.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association present a Lag B'Omer Dance at the Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth St., W.C.2, from 7.30-11.30 p.m. on Thursday, May 20. Tickets (incl. refreshments) 8s. 6d. Mems., 10s. 6d. Non-mems., can be obtained from Miss S. Senslive, 2a Kings Gardens, N.W.6.

CLUB Atlantis. Dancing each Saturday, 7.30 to 11 p.m. Intimate atmosphere; Frank Freeman's music; spot prizes, novelties and buffet; 6s admission; parking facilities; Vienna Café, Berkeley Court Arcade, opp. Baker St. Station, W.1.

LA Cage! Licd. Club, Cellar Bar open dly. fr. 3 p.m. Dancing to Selwyn Trio, Sats. & Suns. Buffet. 137 Finchley Rd., Swiss Cottage, N.W.3. Membership invited.

I.F.L. South London Branch. Dance Sat., May 22, 7.15-11 p.m. Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Dance, Sat., May 15, 7.30—11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Tickets 4s.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sun., May 30, at 3. Virtuoso Chamber Ensemble with Denis Matthews (piano). Works by Spohr, Milhaud, Stravinsky (Septet) & Schubert ("Trout" Piano Quintet). WATerloo 3191.

BACH and Boccherini. London Harpsichord Ensemble. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room, Sat., May 22, at 8.15. Bach—Harpsichord Concerto in D; Suite No. 2 in B minor for flute and strings. Boccherini—String Trio in D; Quintet in F for flute and strings. WATerloo 3191.

TUESDAY, May 18. Society for Promotion of New Music. 24th Experimental Rehearsal. Orchestral works by John Buckland, John Exton, Wilfred Heaton, Boyd Neel Orchestra, Norman del Mar. Joy Boughton, Richard Adeney. Chairman, Sidney Harrison; First Speaker, Lionel Salter. St. Thomas' Church, Regent St., W.1 (beside Mappin & Webb). Rehearsal 6 p.m., perf. 7.45., discn. on works 9 p.m.

ROLAND Hayes, celebrated negro tenor: spirituals, lieder. Mayflower Barn, Jordans, Sat., May 22 at 8. Tkts. 7s. 6d.: H. Nicholson, Sunnybrae, Jordans, Bucks. Subscription 4 concerts £1 (June 12, July 3, 24).

CONCERTS—continued

BEN Uri Orchestra. Symphony Concert. St. Pancras Town Hall, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Thursday, May 20, at 8 p.m. Programme includes "Variations on Jewish Theme" by Willem Rettich and Dvorak's "New World" Symphony. Soloist: Zelda Bock (piano). Conductor: James Verity. 3s. to 10s. 6d., at door, or in adv. WEL. 3001.

CHIROPLASTICS. Manipulative exs. away from piano. Immed. Aid to Technique. Gertrude Azulay, Wigmore Hall Studios, W.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Turnstile Print Raoul Dufy's Flower Picture now published. £2 2s. plus tax 10s. 8d., from 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 and all good printsellers.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood, London. Exhibition of early Wedgwood. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

SCULPTURE In The Open Air, Holland Park, Kensington High St. Daily 10—dusk from May 29. Adm. 1s. 3d., Child. 9d.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. New paintings by Patrick Heron; also continuation of Abstract Exhibition. 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes June 5.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. French Paintings and Drawings of the 19th and 20th Century: Monet, Bonnard, Courbet, Degas, Rouault, Utrillo, Modigliani, Vuillard. Closing May 22.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Opening May 18: Recent Paintings by Sandra Blow, and First Exhibition by Peter Kinley.

RUMANIAN Folk Art Exhibition, open until May 20. Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1. Daily 11-9, Sundays 2-6. Catalogue 1s. Sunday, May 16, Gramophone Recital. Harry Francis chooses some Rumanian records at the above Exhibition Hall, 7.30. Adm. free.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Georges Bracques—Paintings & Drawings from English collections, supplemented by Lithographs and Engravings 1909-1933. Members free, non-members 1s. 6d.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. Barbara Hepworth Retrospective Exhibition: Carvings and Drawings, 1927-1954. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free.

STRAGGLERS Club, 8 Tower Court, W.C.2 (behind St. Martin's Theatre): Exhibition of Gouaches & Drawings by Dolores Dembus. From May 21 daily incl. Sun., 12.30-7. Free. Mems. & non-mems welc.

RENEL Gallery, 40-41 Burlington Arcade, W.1. "Montparnasse-Londres": Paintings by Blond, Dobrinsky, Krémègne. Daily 10-5.30 p.m., Sats. 10-1 p.m.

SCULPTURE in the Home. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till May 29. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs 10-8. Admission 1s.

NEW Zealand Books. Exhibition at National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1, until June 4. Mon.-Sat. 11-5. Adm. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Roussel-Bonnard-Vuillard. Until June 12. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

HEAL'S New Designs, 1954. Exhibition of furniture, fabrics, pottery, carpets, etc., by leading designers. Fourth floor, Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a, St. George Street, W.1. New Sculptures by Reg Butler. Until June 4.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by S. John Woods. Sculpture by Michael Werner. 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

MANET & His Circle. Arts Council Exhibition Tate Gallery. Open till June 7. Weekdays 10-6. (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

FINSBURY Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1. "France Through British Eyes." Loaned pictures from West End Galleries, May 18-29; 12.30 p.m.-7.30 p.m.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

SLATTER Gallery. Exhibition Dutch and Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat., 10-1. 30, Old Bond St.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. At 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free. At the Wellcome Research Institution, 183-193 Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibition: The Life and Work of Paul Ehrlich. Daily (Sat. & Sun. exc.) 10-5. Admission free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Tues., May 18, 8.15. Illustrated Lecture, "Cubism Revalued" by Roland Penrose. Chairman: J. M. Richards. Thurs., May 20, 8.15. Poetry Reading: Vernon Watkins reading from his own work. Also Translations of Early Welsh Poetry. Chairman: Geoffrey Grigson. Members 2s., guests 3s. Membership invited.

"H-BOMB and World Peace." Public Meeting at Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1, at 7 p.m. on May 18. Speakers: Vera Brittain, James Hudson, M.P., Professor Kathleen Lonsdale, Dr. Donald Soper. Chairman: Sybil Morrison.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Debate: "The Law is an Ass." Proposed by Mr B. Karsberg and Miss J. Myers; opposed by Dr. A. Charlesby and Mr. C. Rappaport. Monday, May 17, at The Horse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1 (next Dominion Theatre), at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

NEW Europe Group Lectures on "East and West": Mr. S. K. Shastri, "India's Role in World Affairs" (an Interpretation of a Tradition): Fri., May 21, Swedenborg Hall, Barter St., Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1: 7.30 p.m.

"PREVENTION of Mental Illness in U.S.S.R." Dr. S. V. Kurashov, Clinical Psychiatrist, U.S.S.R. Deputy Minister of Health. Also Prof. L. K. Khotsyanov on "Legal Aspects of Industrial Medicine," and Prof. F. F. Talizin (Parasitologist) & Dr. I. K. Berkas (T.B. specialist) replying to questions. Chair: Dr. Mary Barber. Interpreter: Dr. L. Crome. Friday, May 14, 8 p.m. SCR. 14 Kensington Squ., W.8. Adm. 2s. 6d. (SCR & students 2s).

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch. Public Lectures. 8.15, Tues. May 18. Dr. Joseph Needham: "Fundamental Ideas of Mediæval Chinese Science and Sceptical Tradition." Fri. May 21, Mr. Denis Lee-Browne: "Are We Quite Sure?—A Soliloquy on Education." 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., May 16. Archibald Robertson, M.A., "Do Ethics Progress?" Adm. free.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, May 14. D. W. Morris Muirhead, "Nature Cure." Friday, May 21. Mrs. E. Ferguson, "Social Security—the Next Steps."

REGINALD Thompson ("Cry Korea") on the Far East. Public meeting, Monday, May 17 at 5.45 p.m. Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Admission free.

LONDON Jewish Society. "An evening with Somerset Maugham." Selected readings of extracts from his works. Thursday, May 20, 8 p.m. Vienna Café, Berkeley Arcade, Baker St., W.1. Visitors 2s. 6d.

"BAN the H-Bomb" meeting organised by London Majlis on Sat., May 15, at 7 p.m., at Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road. Speaker: Dr. E. H. Burhop, Member of the Parliament, Indian Spokesman.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 p.m., Sunday, May 16, Studio, 29 Addison Ave., W.11. (Nr. Holland Pk. Stn.). Discourse: Hugh Brock, Chairman F.P.U.

M. L. BURNET: "Romanticism and Ideologies." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., May 16, 6.30.

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain. "The Psychological Problems of Old Age": Prof. Alex. Kennedy, Friday, May 21, at 7.30 p.m. punctually. Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Non-members 2s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

INDO-CHINA—the Facts Behind the News. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Wed., May 19, 7.30. Prof. Marcel Ner (late Saigon Univ.), Tom Driberg, M.P., &c. Peace is possible!

GERMAN Rearmament. Private meeting (adm. free) restricted to G.M.C. members of Labour Parties in London and Middlesex, at the Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd., Sat., May 29, 2.15 p.m. Further partics. and copies of the Statement of the Case Against German Rearmament from the Holborn & St. Pancras South C.L.P., 169 Hampstead Rd., N.W.1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., May 19, 7.30 p.m. Discussion: "Political Implications of H-Bomb," St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

FAWCETT Society: Edward F. Iwi on "Women in the House of Lords." 7 p.m., Thursday, May 20, at the Alliance Hall, Palmer Street, Westminster.

SERVICE for Peoples of All Faiths, King's Weigh House Church, Duke St., Oxford St., W.1. May 19 at 7.30. Preacher: Canon Edward Carpenter, of Westminster. Participating religious leaders, Dr. S. Abdullah, Mr. Maung Maung Ji, Rabbi Salzberger, Dr. Albert Belden, Rev. Arthur Peacock. Further details World Congress of Faiths, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., S.W.1.

BUDDHIST Vihara Society in England, jointly with London Buddhist Vihara Society, will celebrate Vesak at 10, Ovington Gdns., S.W.3, on Mon., May 17, 7 p.m. Official inauguration of Vihara. Address by Ven. Narada Mahâ Thera.

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesdays 6.30, Caxton Hall. Subject for May 18: "The Practical Effects of Yoga." Arr. by Shanti Sadan. Adm. free.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (Holborn), Thurs., May 20, 7.30: "The Upanishads."

STOP the Slaughter in Kenya. Rally & March, Hyde Park, Sunday, May 23 (eve of Empire Day), 3.30 p.m. Kenya Committee, 86 Rochester Row, S.W.1. VICtoria 4962.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. May 22 at 6 p.m. Film: "World Without End"—Mexico—Thailand.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: Two lectures will be given by Air Marshal Sir Harold Whittingham at 5.30 p.m. on May 25 and 27 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. May 25: "Medical Science and Problems of Flying"; 27: "Air Transport of Sick and Wounded." Free without tkt.

SCHOOL of Economics, Dundee. Application may now be made for entry to the following courses in October, 1954. B.Sc. (Econ.) London with Honours in Economics or Economic History or Industry and Trade; Post-Graduate Diploma in Business Administration. The School of Economics is to be incorporated in the University of St. Andrews within the next two years. Arrangements will be made for providing students who have not completed their courses by the time the University takes over the School with special instruction to enable them to complete their work for the London Degree. Application forms and copies of the Calendar may be obtained from the Secretary, School of Economics, Bell Street, Dundee.

MONTESSORI 34th International Diploma Course will be held in London from September 29, 1954, to March 31, 1955. Open to psychologists, therapists, teachers, nurses and parents. Preliminary Course for parents and governesses, September 29 to December 18, 1954. Lectures three evenings per week. These are the only courses in London authorised by the International Montessori Association (A.M.I.), and embody much new material in scientific pedagogy and child psychology derived from the latest international research conducted by the A.M.I. Prospectus on application to Sec., Maria Montessori Training Organisation, 1 Park Crescent, W.1. MUSeum 7425.

POLITICAL and social studies, literature, and the Arts: a year's residential course for women aged 20-40 wishing to widen their education and increase opportunities in work and leisure. Adult College near London. Grants available; no exam. Details: Sec(s)., Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey.

THE Polytechnic, 309 Regent St., W.1. Preliminary Professional and University Entrance Department. The courses provide both day and evening classes for the General Certificate of Education. The following subjects may be taken to the Advanced level: English Literature, French, Latin (evening only), mathematics, history and geography. There are courses for students over 25 years of age and for professional preliminary examinations and the Civil Service Executive (both Open Competitive and Limited) examinations. Session 1954-55 begins on September 21, 1954. Evening classes begin on September 27, 1954. (Enrolment for evening classes: September 21, 5-8 p.m. Prospectuses may be obtained on application to the undersigned. J. C. Jones, Director of Education.

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LECTURE COURSES cont. on page 647

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